THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

LITTLE MATTIE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

He did not know I loved him,
He would not have cared to know,
When he went away that springtime
To battle with the foe.

He knew not that I loved him,
He thought me only a child,
He little knew the woman's strength
That hid my anguish wild.

I heard his voice that morning,
For he left us at early day—
Saying, "Where is little Mattie,
Why does she stay away?"

He has bid farewell to the household,
And is waiting now for me,
Where on him the golden sunlight
Sifts through the spreading tree.

He gravely drew me to him,
And as gravely kissed my brow,
Where my nerves all changed to iron?
It surely seems so now;

For lightly I sprang from him
With naught of tear or sigh,
And light gay words were mingled
With this, my last good-bye.

Months passed; then came a battle
Where our gallant men fell fast,
And they said that among them Edward
Had fought and fallen at last.

Our men fought long and bravely,
But the enemy held the ground,
When at last our dead were buried,
Though sought, he was not found.

Calmly I bore the tidings,
That no human eye might see
There was more than friendship given
To him, but not to me.

'Tis no longer "Little Mattie,"
They know I'm a woman now,
But they little dream that agony
Drove childhood from my brow.

How know they that my day-dreams
Henceforth youth's brightness lack?
What think they of my heart's lone thought,
He never will come back?

Somewhere the South enshrines him,
I never may know where,
But somewhere rests a soldier's head
With curls of sunny hair.

No stone may bear the orphan's name,
Telling he rests beneath,
But one heart's tablet bears inscribed
The name of Edward Keith.

What, to the Nation's honor,
Is the life of woman's heart?
And has not woman in this strife
Oft borne the heavier part?

Think of our noble army,
Of the loved ones they have left,
And choose between the death of man
And woman's heart bereft.

Man may fight our country's battles,
And may perish in the strife,
But to woman comes the lasting pain
That only ends with life.
ELLEN.

☞ "I say, Brown, what a close shaver Jones is—why, he'll squabble about a cent." "Well, what if he does? the less one squabbles about the better."

☞ What part of the earth is most favored by women? The *utter*-most.

☞ The Empress of the French is surrounded with *Paris*-ites.

VIEW OF A PLANTER'S HOUSE ON THE CUMBEE RIVER, SOUTH CAROLINA.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE OLD TROUBLE COME AGAIN.

From ten days to a fortnight went by, and affairs were resuming the routine of their ordinary course. The outward indications of the accident at the pit were gone; the bodies of the poor sufferers were buried; the widows, mothers, orphans, had begun to realize their destitution. It was not all quite done with, however; the inquest, adjourned from time to time, was not yet concluded, and popular feeling ran high against Mr. Chattaway. Certain precautions, having reference to the miners' safety, which ought to have been observed in the pit, had not been observed; and hence the calamity. Other gentlemen, owners of mines in the vicinity, had caused these precautions to be put in use long ago; but Mr. Chattaway, whether from careless inertness, or from regard to the expense they must have cost, had not done so. People spoke out freely now, not only in asserting that these means of safeguard must no longer be delayed—and of that Mr. Chattaway was sensible himself, in a disbelieving, sullen sort of way—but also that it was incumbent on him to do something for the widows and orphans. A most distasteful hint to a man of so near a disposition as was Mr. Chattaway. Miss Diana Trevlyn had gone down to the desolate homes and rendered them glad with her bounty; but to make anything like a permanent provision for them, was Mr. Chattaway's business, and not hers. The sufferers believed that Mr. Chattaway was not likely to make even the smallest for them; and they were not far wrong. His own hurt, the sprained ankle, had speedily recovered, and was now well again.

And the officious stranger, and his interference for the welfare of Rupert? That also was falling to the ground, and he, Mr. Daw, was now on the eve of departure. However well-meant these efforts of his had been, they could be nothing but impotent in the face of Squire Trevlyn's will. Mr. Daw himself was at length convinced of the fact, and he began to doubt whether his zeal had not outrun his discretion. Messrs. Peterby and Jones crossly told him that it had, when he acknowledged, in answer to their imperative question, that he had no grounds whatever to go upon, save good will to Rupert. Somewhat of this changed feeling may have prompted him to call at Trevlyn Hold to pay a farewell visit of civility; which he did do, and got into hot water.

He asked for Miss Diana Trevlyn. But Miss Diana happened to be out, and Octave, who was seated at the piano when he was shown in, whirled round upon the stool in a blaze of anger. She had taken the most intense dislike to this officious man; possibly a shade of the same dread which filled her father's heart had penetrated to hers.

"Miss Trevlyn! If Miss Trevlyn were at home, she would not receive you," was her haughty salutation, as she rose from her stool. "It is impossible that you can be received at the Hold. Unless I am mistaken, sir, you had an intimation of this from Squire Chattaway."

"My visit, young lady, was not to Mr. Chattaway, but to Miss Trevlyn. So long as the Hold is Miss Trevlyn's residence, her friends must call at it—although it may happen to be also that of Mr. Chattaway. I am sorry she is out. I wished to say a word to her before my departure. I leave to-night for good."

"And a happy thing, too," said angry Octave, forgetting her good manners. But the answer had not conciliated her, especially the very pointed tone with which he had called her father *Mr.* Chattaway.

She rang the bell loudly to recall the servant. She did not ask him to sit, but stood with her finger pointed to the door; and Mr. Daw had no resource but to obey the movement and go out—somewhat, it must be confessed, ignominiously.

In the avenue he met Miss Trevlyn, and she was more civil to him than Octave had been.

"I leave to-night," he said to her. "I go back to my residence abroad, never in all probability again to quit it. I should have been glad to serve poor Rupert by helping him to his rights—Miss Trevlyn, I cannot avoid calling them so—but I find the law and Mr. Chattaway are stronger than my wishes. It was, perhaps, foolish of me ever to take up the notion, and I feel half inclined to apologize to Mr. Chattaway."

"Of all visionary notions, that was about the wildest I ever heard of," said Miss Diana.

"Yes; one utterly vain and useless. I see it now. I do not the less feel Rupert Trevlyn's position, you must understand; the injustice dealt out to him lies with as keen a sense on my mind as it ever did; but I do see how hopeless, and on my part, how foolish was any attempt at remedy. I should be willing to say this to Mr. Chattaway if I saw him, and to tell him I had done with it forever. Mr. Freeman hints to me that I was not justified in thus attempting to disturb the peace of a family, and he may be right. But, Miss Trevlyn, may I ask you to be kind to Rupert?"

Miss Trevlyn threw back her head.

"I have yet to learn that I am not kind to him, sir."

"I mean with a tender kindness. I fancy I see in him indications of the same disease that was so fatal to his father. It has been on my mind to invite him to go back home with me, and try what the warmer climate may do for him; but the feeling (amounting almost to a prevision) that the result in his case would be the same as it was in his father's withholds me. I should not like to take him out to die: neither would I charge myself with the task of nursing one in a fatal malady."

"You are very good," said Miss Diana, somewhat stiffly. "Rupert will do well where he is, I make no doubt: and for myself, I do not anticipate any such illness for him. I wish you a pleasant journey, Mr. Daw."

"Thank you, madam. I leave him to your kindness: it seems to me only a duty I owe to his dead father to mention to you that he *may* have need of extra care and kindness; and there's none so fitting to bestow it upon him as you—the guardian appointed by his mother."

"By-the-way, I cannot learn anything about that document," resumed Miss Diana. "Mr. Chattaway says that it never came to hand."

"Madam, it must have come to hand. If the letter in which it was inclosed reached Trevlyn Hold safely, it is a pretty good proof that the document also reached it.—Mr. Chattaway must be mistaken."

Miss Diana did not see how, unless he was wilfully mistaken—was falsely denying the fact.

"A thought struck me the other day, which I wish to mention to you," she said, aloud, quitting the subject for a different one. "The graves of my brother and his wife—are they kept properly in order?"

"Quite so," he answered. "I see to that."

"Then you must allow me to repay to you any expense to which you may have been put. I—"

"Not so," he interrupted. "There is no expense—or none to speak of. The ground was purchased forever, *a perpetuele*, as we call it yonder, and the shrubs planted on the site require little or no care to keep them in order. Now and then I do a half day's work myself there, for the love of my lost friends. Should you ever travel so far—and I should be happy to welcome you—you will find their last resting-place well attended to, Miss Trevlyn."

"I thank you much," she said, in a hearty tone, as she held out her hand. "And I regret now that circumstances have prevented my extending hospitality to you."

And so they parted amicably. And the great ogre which Mr. Chattaway had feared would eat him up, had subsided into a very harmless man indeed. Miss Diana stepped on to the Hold deciding that her respected brother-in-law *was a fool* to have been so easily frightened into terror.

As Mr. Daw passed the lodge, old Canham was airing himself at the door, Ann being out at work. The gentleman stopped.

"You were not here when I passed just now," he said. "I looked in at the window, and opened the door, but could see no one."

"I was in the back place, may-be, sir.—When Ann's absent, I has to get my own meals, and to wash up my cups and things, and the sink's back'ards."

"I must say farewell to you. I leave to-night."

"Leave the place! What, for good, sir?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Daw. "In a week's time from this, I hope to be comfortably settled in my own home, some hundreds of miles away."

"And Master Rupert? and the Hold?" returned old Canham, the corners of his mouth considerably drawn down. "Is he to be rei'stated in it?"

Mr. Daw shook his head.

"I did all I could, and it did not succeed: I can do no more. My will is good enough—as I think I have proved: but I have no power."

"Then it's all over again, sir—dropped through, as may be said?"

"It has."

Old Canham leaned heavily on his crutch, lost in thought.

"It won't drop forever, sir," he presently raised his head to say. "There have been something within me a long, long while, a-whispering that Master Rupert's as safe to come to his own afore he dies, as that I be to go into my grave. When this stir took place, following on your arrival here, I thought the time had come then. It seems it hadn't; but come it *will*, as sure as that I be saying it, as sure that he's the true heir of Squire Trevlyn."

"I hope it will," was the warm answer. "You will none of you rejoice in it more truly than I. My friend Freeman has promised to write occasionally to me, and—"

Mr. Daw was interrupted. Riding his shaggy pony in at the lodge gate—a strong, brisk little Welsh animal, bought a week ago for him by Miss Diana, was Rupert himself. Upon how slender a thread do the great events of life turn! The reflection is so trite that it seems like the worst species of tautology to repeat it; but there are times when it is brought to the mind with an intensity of truth positively startling.

Mr. Chattaway, by the merest accident—as it appeared to him—had forgotten a letter that morning when he went to Blackstone. He had written it before leaving home, intending to post it on his road, but left it on his desk. It was drawing towards the close of the afternoon before he remembered it; he then ordered Rupert to ride home as fast as possible and post it, so that it might be in time for the evening mail.—And this Rupert had now come to do. All very simple, you will say: but I can tell you that but for the coming home at that hour of Rupert Trevlyn, the most tragical part of this history would in all probability have never had place, and you must have gone without the cream of the story.

"The very man I was wishing to see!" exclaimed Mr. Daw, arresting Rupert and his pony midway in their career. "I feared I should have to leave without wishing you good-bye."

"Are you going to-day?" asked Rupert.

"To-night. You seem in a hurry."

"I am in a hurry," replied Rupert, as he explained about the letter. "If I don't make haste, I shall lose the post."

"But I want to talk to you a bit. Do you go back to Blackstone?"

"Oh, no; not to-day."

"Suppose you come in to the parsonage for an hour or two this evening?" suggested Mr. Daw. "Come to tea. I am sure they'll be glad to see you."

"All right; I'll come," cried Rupert, cantering off.

But a few minutes and he cantered down again, the letter in his hand. Old Canham was alone then. Rupert looked towards him, and nodded as he went past. There was a receiving house for letters at a solitary general shop, not far beyond Trevlyn Farm, and to this Rupert went, posted the letter, and returned to Trevlyn Hold. Sending his pony to the stable, he began to put himself to rights for his visit to Mr. Freeman's—a most ill-fated visit, as it was to turn out.

They took tea at the parsonage at six, as he knew, and he had to hasten to be in time. He had made his poor dinner as usual at Blackstone. In descending the stairs from his room, he encountered Mrs. Chattaway in the lower corridor.

"Are you going out, Rupert?"

"I am going to the parsonage, Aunt Edith, Mr. Daw leaves this evening, and he asked me to go in for an hour or two."

"Very well. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Freeman. Rupert—my dear—"

"What?" he asked, arresting his hasty footsteps, and turning round to speak.

"You will not be late?"

"No, no," he answered, his careless tone a contrast to her almost solemn one. "It's all right, Aunt Edith."

But for that encounter with Mrs. Chattaway, the Hold would have been in ignorance of Rupert's movements that evening. He spent a very pleasant one. It happened that George Ryle called in also at the parsonage on Mr. Freeman, and he was induced to remain. Mrs. Freeman was hospitable, and put before them a good supper, to which Rupert at least did justice.

The up-train was due at the Barbrook station at ten o'clock, and George Ryle and Rupert accompanied Mr. Daw to it. The parson did not; he did not care to go out at night, unless called forth by duty. They reached the station five minutes before the hour, and Mr. Daw took his ticket, and waited for the train.

Waited a long while. Ten o'clock struck, and the minutes went on and on. George, who was pacing the narrow platform with him, drew Rupert aside and spoke.

"Should you not get back to the Hold? Chattaway may lock you out again."

"Let him," carelessly answered Rupert. "I shall get in somehow, I dare say."

It was not George's place to control Rupert Trevlyn, and they paced the platform as before, talking with Mr. Daw. Half-past ten, and no train! The porters stood about, looking and wondering; the station-master was fidgety; he wanted to get home to bed.

"Will it come at all?" asked Mr. Daw, whose patience appeared exemplary.

"Oh, it'll come, safe enough," was the reply of one of the two porters. "It never keeps its time, this train don't; but it's not often as late as this."

"Why does it not keep its time?"

"'Cause it have got to wait at Layton's Heath for a cross train; and if that don't keep its time—and it never do—this un can't."

With which satisfactory explanation, the porter made a dash into a shed, and appeared to be mostly busy with what looked like a collection of dark lanthorns.

"I shall begin to wish I had taken my departure this afternoon, as I intended, if this delay is to be much prolonged," remarked Mr. Daw.

Even as he spoke, there were indications of the arrival of the train. At twenty minutes to eleven it came up, and the station-master gave some sharp words to the guard. The guard returned them in kind; the want of punctuality was not his fault. Mr. Daw took his seat, and George and Rupert hastened away to their respective homes. But it was all but eleven o'clock, and Rupert, in spite of his boasted bravery, did fear the wrath of Mr. Chattaway.

The household had retired to their rooms, but that gentleman was sitting up, looking over some accounts. The fact of Rupert's absence was known to him, and he experienced a grim satisfaction in reflecting that the keys were turned upon him—that he was locked out for the night. It is impossible for me to explain to you *why* this should have imparted satisfaction to the mind of Mr. Chattaway; there are things in this world not easy of explanation, and you must be contented with the simple fact of knowing that it was so.

But Mrs. Chattaway? She had gone to her chamber sick and trembling, feeling that the old trouble was about to be renewed this night. If the lad was not allowed to come in, where could he go? where find a shelter? Could she let him in? was the thought that hovered in her mind; she would if she could accomplish it without the knowledge of her husband. And that might be practicable to-night, for he was shut up and absorbed by those accounts of his.

Gently opening her dressing-room window, she watched for Rupert; watched until her heart failed her. You know how long the time seems in this sort of waiting. It appeared to her that he was never coming—as it had recently appeared to Mr. Daw, with regard to the train. The distant clocks were beginning to chime eleven when he came. He saw his aunt; saw the signs for silence that she made to him, and contrived to hear and understand her whispered words.

"Creep round to the back door, and I will let you in."

So Rupert crept softly round; walked on the skirting beds of grass; and Mrs. Chattaway inside crept softly down the stairs in her stockings, without a light, and undid the bolt of the door silently, and admitted Rupert.

"Thank you, dear Aunt Edith. I could not well help being late. The train—"

"Not a word, not a breath!" she interrupted, in a terrified whisper. "Take off your boots quietly, and go up to bed without noise."

Rupert obeyed her in silence. They stole up-stairs, the one after the other. Mrs. Chattaway turned into her room, and Rupert went on and gained his.

And the master of Trevlyn Hold, bending over his account books, knew nothing of the disobedience that had been enacted towards him, but sat there expecting and expecting to hear Rupert's ring echo through the house. Better, far better that it had done so!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SOME OFFENDING BOOTS.

The full light of day had not come, and the autumn night's gentle frost lingered yet upon the grass, when the master of Trevlyn Hold rose from his uneasy couch. Somebody accused me the other day of not being poetical; I hope *that's* poetical enough for them. In plainer language, Mr. Chattaway got up, having spent rather an uncomfortable night in bed. Things were troubling him; and when the mind is ill at ease, the night's rest is apt to be ill at ease also.

That business of the explosion in the mine was not over, or its consequences to the pocket of Mr. Chattaway; the old fear of Rupert in regard to the succession, which for some days had been comparatively buried, had broken out again, he could not tell why or wherefore; and the defiant disobedience of Rupert, not only of stopping out too late the previous night, but of not coming in at all, angered him beyond everything. Altogether, his bed had not been an easy one, and he rose unrefreshed with the dawn of day.

It was not the having slept but little which got him up at that unusually early hour; that would rather have caused him to lie the longer; but necessity has no law, and he was obliged to rise. A famous autumn fair, held at some fifteen miles' distance, and which he never failed to attend, was the moving power. His horse was to be ready for him, and he would ride there to breakfast; as was his annual custom. Down-stairs he went, sleepy, cross, gaping; and the first thing he did was to stumble over a pair of boots at the back door.

The slightest thing would put Mr. Chattaway out when in his present temper. For the matter of that, a slight thing would put him out at any time. What business had the servants to leave boots about in *his* way? they knew he would be going out at that back door the first thing in the morning, on his way to the stables. Mr. Chattaway gave the things a kick, unbolted the door, and threw it open. Whose were they?

Now that the light was thrown in, he saw at a half glance that they were a gentleman's boots, not a servant's. Had Cris stolen in by the back door last night and left his boots there? No; Cris came in openly at the front, came in early, and went up to bed long before Mr. Chattaway. And—now that he came to look closely—those boots were too small for Cris.

They were Rupert's! Yes, undoubtedly they were Rupert's boots. What brought *them* there? Rupert could not have come in to leave them: he could not penetrate through thick walls and barred-up doors. Mr. Chattaway, completely taken aback, stooped and stared at the boots as if they had been two curious live animals.

Some faint noise interrupted him. It was the approach of the first servant coming down to her day's work; a brisk young girl called Bridget, who acted as kitchen maid.

"What brings these boots here?" demanded Mr. Chattaway, in the repelling tone which he generally used to his servants.

Bridget went up close and looked at them.

"They are Mr. Rupert's, sir," answered she.

"I did not ask you whose they were: I can see that for myself. I asked what brought them here. These boots are dirty; they must have been worn yesterday."

"I suppose he must have left them here last night; perhaps he came in at this door," returned the girl, wondering what business the boots could be of her master's.

"Perhaps he did not," retorted Mr. Chattaway. "He did not come in at all last night."

"Oh, yes, he did, sir. He is up-stairs in bed now."

"Who's up-stairs in bed?" rejoined Mr. Chattaway, believing the girl was either mistaken or telling him a wilful untruth.

"Mr. Rupert, sir. Wasn't it him you were asking about?"

"Mr. Rupert is not up-stairs in bed. How dare you say so to my face?"

"But he is," said the girl. "Leastways, unless he is gone out of it this morning."

"Have you been into his room to see?" demanded Mr. Chattaway, in his ill-humor.

"No, sir, I have not; it's not likely I should presume to do such a thing. But I saw Mr. Rupert go into his room last night; so it's only natural to suppose he is there this morning."

The words confounded Mr. Chattaway.

"You say you saw Rupert go into his room last night? You must have been dreaming, girl."

"No, sir, I wasn't; I'm sure I saw him. I stepped on my gown as I was going up to bed last night, and tore it, and I went to the housemaid's room to borrow a needle and cotton to mend it. I was going back across the passage with my candle in my hand, when I saw Mr. Rupert at the end of the corridor going into his chamber."

So far true. But Bridget did not think it necessary to add that she had remained a good half-hour gossiping with the housemaid, before going back with the needle and cotton. Mr. Chattaway, however, might have guessed that, for he demanded to know the time, and Bridget confessed that it had gone eleven.

Gone eleven! The whole house, himself excepted, had gone up stairs at half-past ten, and Rupert was then not in. How had he got in? Who had admitted him?

"Which of you servants opened the door to him?" thundered Mr. Chattaway.

"I shouldn't think any of us did, sir. I can answer for me and cook and Mary. We never heard Mr. Rupert ring at all last night: and if we had heard him, we shouldn't have went down to let him in after your forbidding it. I said to cook when I got back to our room that Mr. Rupert had come in, and she said she supposed master had opened the door to him."

The girl was evidently speaking truth; it shone in her countenance; and Mr. Chattaway was thrown into a maze of perplexity. He believed as she did—that not a servant would dare to go down-stairs and admit Rupert in the face of his command to the contrary. Who *had* admitted him? Could it have been Miss Diana Trevlyn? Scarcely. Miss Diana, had she so taken it in her head, would have admitted him without the least reference to the feelings of Mr. Chattaway; but then she would not have done it in secret. Had it pleased Miss Diana to come down and admit Rupert, she would have done it openly; and what puzzled Mr. Chattaway more than anything, was the silence with which it had been accomplished. He had sat with his ears open, and not the faintest sound had reached them. Was it Maude? No; he felt sure that Maude would be even more chary than the servants of disobeying him. Then who was it? A half suspicion of his wife suggested itself to him, only to be flung from him the next moment. His submissive, timorous wife! she would be the last, he thought, to array herself against him.

But the minutes were getting on, and Mr. Chattaway had no time to waste. The fair began early, its business being generally done and over before mid day. He went round to the stables, found his horse ready for him, and rode away, the disobedience which he had just discovered filling his mind, to the exclusion of every other annoyance.

He soon came up with company. Riding out of the fold yard of Trevlyn Farm as he passed it, came George Ryle and his brother Treve. They were bound for the same place as Mr. Chattaway, and the three horses fell in abreast.

"Are *you* going?" exclaimed Mr. Chattaway to Treve, some surprise in his tone.

"Of course I am," answered Treve.—"There's always some fun at Whitterbey fair. George is going to initiate me to-day into the mysteries of buying and selling cattle."

"Against you set up for yourself?" remarked Mr. Chattaway, some cynicism in his tone.

"Just so," said Treve, who detected it. "I hope you'll find me as good a tenant as you have found George."

George was smiling.

"He is about to settle down into a steady-going farmer, Mr. Chattaway."

"When?" asked Mr. Chattaway.

George opened his mouth to speak, but appeared to hesitate. He glanced at Trevlyn, as if waiting for the answer to come from him.

"At once," said Treve, readily. "There's no reason why it should not be told. I am home for good, Mr. Chattaway: don't intend to leave it again."

"And Oxford?" returned Mr. Chattaway, surprised at the news. "You had another term to keep."

"Ay, but I shall not keep it. I have had enough of Oxford. One can't keep straight there, you know: there's no end of expense to be gone into: and my mother is tired of it."

"Tired of the bills," said Mr. Chattaway.

"Yes. Not but that the paying of them has been George's concern, more than hers. Nobody can deny that, in strict justice: but George is a good fellow, and *he* has not complained."

"Are there to be two masters on Trevlyn Farm?" questioned Mr. Chattaway.

"No," burst forth Treve, before George could speak. "I know my place better, I hope, than to put incompetent me above George—whatever my mother may wish.—So long as George is on Trevlyn Farm, he is its sole master. But he is going to leave us, he says."

Mr. Chattaway turned to George, as if seeking the confirmation or denial of the words.

"Yes," answered George, quietly: "I shall try and take a farm on my own account. You have one soon to be vacant that I should like, Mr. Chattaway."

"I have?" exclaimed Mr. Chattaway.—"There's no farm of mine likely to be vacant that would suit your pocket. You *can't* mean that you are casting your ambitious eyes to the Upland?"

"Yes, I am," replied George. "I must have a talk with you about it. I should like the Upland Farm."

"Why, it would take—"

George did not wait to hear the conclusion of the sentence. They were at that moment passing the parsonage, and Mr. Freeman, in a velvet skull-cap and slippers, was leaning over the gate. George turned to it, and checked his horse.

"Well, did he get safe off last night?" asked Mr. Freeman.

"Yes, at last. The train was forty minutes behind its time."

"Ah! it's a shame they don't arrange matters so as to make that ten o'clock train keep better time. Passengers have to be there at ten o'clock, because once in a way it *is* up to time; and often they are kept waiting half an hour. Did you and Rupert remain to see him off?"

"Yes," replied George.

"Then Rupert would be late at home," observed the clergyman, turning to Mr. Chattaway, who had also reined in, and was sitting all ears open. "I hope you excused it to him, Mr. Chattaway, under the circumstances."

Mr. Chattaway said something in answer, very indistinctly, and the clergyman took it to imply that he *had* excused Rupert.—George said "Good-morning," and turned his horse onwards; they must make good speed, unless they would be "a day too late for the fair."

Not a syllable of the above conversation had Mr. Chattaway understood; it had been as Hebrew to him. He did not like the allusion of the clergyman to his "excusing lateness of Rupert's return," for it proved that his harsh rule, touching Rupert's entrance at night had become public property.

"I did not quite take Mr. Freeman," he said, turning equably to George, and speaking in a careless accent. "Were you out last night with Rupert?"

"Yes. We spent the evening at the parsonage, with Mr. Daw, and then went to see him off by the ten o'clock train. It is a shame, as Mr. Freeman says, that the train is not made to keep better time. It was Mr. Daw's last night here."

"And therefore you and Rupert must spend it with him. It is a sudden friendship."

"I don't know that there's much friendship in the matter," replied George. "Rupert, I believe, was at the parsonage by appointment, but I called in accidentally. I did not know, until I went in, that Mr. Daw was going."

"Is he returning to France?"

"Yes. He crosses the Channel to-night. We shall never see him again, I expect; he said he should never more quit his home, so far as he believed."

"Is he a madman?"

"A madman!" echoed George Ryle.—"Certainly not."

"He talked enough folly and treason for one."

"Run away with by his zeal, I suppose," remarked George. "Nobody paid attention to him. Mr. Chattaway, do you think we Barbrook people could not raise a commotion about the irregularity of that ten o'clock train, and so get it rectified?"

"It's irregularity does not concern me," returned Mr. Chattaway.

"It would if you had to travel by it, or to see friends off by it, as I and Rupert did last night. Nearly forty-five minutes were we cooling our heels on the platform of the station. It must have been eleven o'clock when Rupert reached the Hold. I suppose he got let in?"

"It appears he got let in," replied Mr. Chattaway, in a tone which was by no means a genial one. "I don't know by whom yet; but I will know before to-night."

"If anybody locked me out of my home, I should break in the first window handy," cried bold Treve, who had been brought up by his mother in direct defiance of Mr. Chattaway, and would a great deal rather show him contempt than civility. "Rupert's a muff that he doesn't do it."

George urged on his horse. Words between Treve and Mr. Chattaway would not be agreeable, and the latter gentleman's face was turning to fire. "I am sure we shall be late," he cried. "Let us see what metal our steeds are made of."

It served to divert the anticipated dispute. Treve, who was impulsive at times, dashed on with a spring, and Mr. Chattaway and George followed. Before they reached Whitterbey, they fell in with other horsemen, farmers and gentlemen, bound on the same errand as themselves, and got separated.

Beyond a casual view of them now and then in the crowded fair, Mr. Chattaway did not again see George and Treve, until they all met at what was called the ordinary—the one o'clock dinner. Of these ordinaries there were several held in the town on the great fair day, but Mr. Chattaway and George Ryle had been in the habit of attending the same. Immediately after the meal was over, Mr. Chattaway ordered his horse, and set off home.

It was earlier than he usually went, for the gentlemen liked to sit an hour or two after dinner at these annual meetings, and discuss the state of affairs in general, especially those relating to farming; but Mr. Chattaway intended to take Blackstone on his road home, and that would carry him some miles out of his way.

He did not arrive there until five o'clock. Rupert had gone home; Cris, who had been playing at master all day in the absence of Mr. Chattaway, had also gone home, and only Ford was left. That Cris should have left, Mr. Chattaway thought nothing of; but his spirit angrily resented the departure of Rupert.

"It's coming to a pretty pass," he exclaimed, "if he thinks he can go and come at the hours he pleases. What has he been about to-day?"

"We have none of us done much to-day, sir," replied Ford. "There have been so many interruptions. They had Mr. Rupert before them at the inquest, and examined him—"

"Examined *him!*" interrupted Mr. Chattaway. "What about?"

"About the precautions taken for safety, and all that," rejoined Ford, who liked to lance a shaft or two at his master when he might do it without detection. "Mr. Rupert could not tell them much, though, as he was not in the habit of being down in the pit; and then they called some of the miners again."

"To when is it adjourned?" growled Mr. Chattaway, after a pause.

"It's not adjourned, sir; it's over."

"Oh," said Mr. Chattaway, feeling a sort of relief. "What was the verdict?"

"The verdict, sir? Mr. Cris wrote it down, and took it up to the Hold for you."

"What was it? You can tell its substance, I suppose."

"Well, it was 'Accidental death.' But there was something also about the absence of necessary precautions in the mine; and a recommendation was added that you should therefore do something for the widows."

The very verdict that Chattaway had so dreaded! As is the case with many cowards, he *could not* feel independent of the opinion of his neighbors, and he knew the verdict would not be of good odor in their ears. And the suggestion that he should do something for the widows—it positively appalled him. Finding no words to speak, Ford continued.

"We had some gentlemen in here afterwards, sir. I don't know who they were; strangers; they said they must see you—so they are coming to-morrow. We were wondering whether they were inspectors from Government, or anything of that sort. They asked when the second shaft to the pit was going to be begun."

"The second shaft to the pit!" repeated Mr. Chattaway.

"It's what they said," answered Ford. "But it will be a fine expense, if that has to be made."

An expense, the very suggestion of which turned that miserly heart cold. Mr. Chattaway thought the world was terribly against him; certainly, what with one source of annoyance and another, that day had not been one of pleasure. In point of fact Mr. Chattaway was of too suspicious a nature ever to enjoy much ease. It may be thought that with the departure of the dreaded stranger, he would have experienced complete immunity from the fears which had latterly so shaken him. Not so; the departure had only served to augment them. He had been informed by Miss Diana on the previous night of the proposed return of Mr. Daw for his distant home, of his having relinquished the cause of Rupert, of his almost apology for having ever taken it up; he had heard again from George Ryle this morning that the gentleman had actually gone. Most men would have accepted this as a welcome relief, a termination to the unpleasantness, and been thankful for it; but Mr. Chattaway, in his suspicious nature, doubted whether it did not mean treachery; was in short a ruse of the enemy. Terribly awakened were his fears that day; he suspected an ambush in every turn, a thief behind every tree; and he felt that he hated Rupert with a very bitter hatred.

Poor Rupert at that moment did not look like one to be either hated or dreaded, could Mr. Chattaway have seen him through the lens of some marvellous microscope. When Mr. Chattaway was sitting in his arm-chair in his office, Ford meekly standing by to be questioned, Rupert was toiling on foot towards Trevlyn Hold. In his good nature he had left his pony at home for the benefit of Edith and Emily Chattaway; since its purchase they had not ceased teasing him to let them try it, and he had this day complied, and walked to Blackstone. He looked pale, worn, weary: his few days of riding to and fro had unfitted him for the walk, at least in inclination, and Rupert seemed to feel the fatigue this evening more than ever.

That day had not brought satisfaction to Rupert any more than it had to Mr. Chattaway. It was impossible but that his hopes should have been excited by the movement—it may be said the boasts—made by Mr. Daw, slightly, if in no very great degree. And now they were over. That gentleman had taken his departure for good, and the hopes had faded, and there was an end to it altogether. Rupert had felt it keenly that morning as he walked to Blackstone; had felt that he and hope had bid adieu to each other for ever. Was his life to be passed at the work of that dreary mine?—was he never to rise up from it? It seemed not. The day, too, was spent even more unpleasantly than usual, for Cris was in one of his overbearing moods, and goaded Rupert's spirit almost to an explosion. Had Rupert been the menial servant of Cris Chattaway, the latter could not have treated him with more complete contempt and unkindness than he did this day. I don't say that Rupert did not provoke him. Cris asked him in a friendly manner enough (an outside friendliness) who let him in to the Hold the previous night, and Rupert answered that it was no business of his. Cris then insisted upon knowing, but Rupert only laughed at him; and so Cris, in his petty spite, paid him out for it, and made the day one long humiliation to Rupert. Rupert reached home at last, and took his tea with the family. He kissed Mrs. Chattaway ten times, and whispered to her that he had kept counsel, and that he would never, never, for her sake, be late again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ TASTES.—We chew tobacco, the Hindo, takes to lime, while the Patagonian finds contentment "in a bit of guano." The children of this country delight in candy; those of Africa in rock salt. A Frenchman "gets his length" on fried frogs, while an Esquimaux Indian thinks a stewed candle the climax of dainties.

☞ A genius in New Bedford is fitting up a steamer for the purpose of towing icebergs to India, where they sell for six cents a pound. Another proposes to do still better—to fit a screw in the iceberg itself, and thus avoid the expense of ship-building.—Cute chaps, both of 'em.

☞ The New Zealanders have a singular custom, which is thus alluded to in W. Tyron Power's sketches of that country:—"E. Kuru having lost his wife, her body was committed to earth with all the ceremonial befitting the better half of a chief, but her head was baked in the most orthodox manner."

☞ In the official statistics as to lunacy in Ohio, it is stated that the unmarried exceed the married by seven hundred and sixty. And the account says, "Those whose lives are devoted to physical labor appear to be far more liable to insanity than those whose occupation calls for a larger exercise of the mental faculties."

☞ Some ideas may be formed of the tremendous effects of the powder-magazine explosion at the foot of Seventy-ninth Street, New York, from the fact that a steamboat travelled all the way to New Haven on the Sound.

☞ "I expect," said a young physician, on his way to Jamaica, on hearing exaggerated rumors of the cholera, "to witness a great many death-bed scenes this summer." "Doubtless," replied a friend, "if you get much practice."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Henry Peterson, Editor.
PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

THE WAR.

The Governor of Pennsylvania has issued a proclamation for the raising of 60,000 three-months militia for state service.

The proper mode to raise these men is to apportion out to each county, township, ward and precinct the number of men it is required to raise. Then let the citizens meet at once in the respective townships and precincts, and appoint committees to raise the men, and, when necessary, provide funds for the support of their families during their absence.

To our apprehension, however, there are only two adequate means of raising an army—the one is by a conscription, such as that provided for by the law of the last Congress, and the other is by Martial Law. If a limited number of men are wanted, the General Government should hurry on the enrollment and conscription—inasmuch as there is no state law in Pennsylvania, and many other states, by which men can be drafted, or made to serve as a militia—or if the emergency demands it, Martial Law can be proclaimed in certain districts, or in the whole state if necessary, and the whole able-bodied male population be required to take the field. This last measure, however, involving as it does an almost total palsy of the industry of the state, including the cessation of manufacturing and of agricultural operations, should never be resorted to except in cases of great emergency. Where an invasion is actually taking place, however, as in certain portions of our own state at present, a declaration of Martial Law in the counties invaded, and a forcible enrollment of the whole able-bodied male population in advance of the invading army, would seem to be a measure involving a great deal of good, and very little of evil. In fact such a measure would soon roll up an immense force in front of the enemy—a force which would fight well simply because their return to their homes and business could not be compassed except by the expulsion of the invaders. Besides, the fact that not only the foe but martial law also was coming, would induce a much more energetic action on the part of the districts not already invaded but only menaced.

If the state, however, is liable to be called on to defend her own borders, the enactment of a system by which she can command the services of at least twenty thousand well-disciplined troops, of whom at least one-fourth should be cavalry, is an imperative necessity. It seems to us, however, that the Federal Government will make a great mistake if it endeavors to shift to the unprepared shoulders of the state authorities a duty which, by the Constitution, properly belongs to itself. Its obvious policy is to discourage, not to encourage, state military organizations, which necessarily will clash more or less with its own. Besides, twenty thousand disciplined troops in the service of the Union, who can be sent from state to state as they are wanted, will prove as effective as five times the number, hemmed in by state lines, and state-line notions, and who would not pursue an enemy fifty miles beyond the border even to utterly disperse or annihilate him.

Citizens of other states who may wonder at the little alarm and comparative slowness of action which they have seen in the last few weeks in Pennsylvania, must remember these things. It has been difficult to convince our people that there really was much danger, in view of the apparent apathy of the General Government. There has often been some talk of state-rights, but never any great amount of earnest state feeling in Pennsylvania—while the Union feeling, and the habit of looking to the General Government in any emergency, have always been very strong. Whether on the whole these are good or bad points in the character of our people, is a question which will be decided probably in every one's mind by the character of his politics.

☞ In the receipt given last week for pickles, instead of the words "begin to *smell*," it should have read "begin to *swell*."

NOTICE.

The members of the "Penn Relief Association for Sick and Wounded Soldiers," desire to return their grateful acknowledgments to their friends, who so liberally contributed various articles for their table at the late Fair at Concert Hall.

They thank them kindly for their generous donations.

On behalf of the Association,

ANNA P. LITTLE, Sec.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WEAK LUNGS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM STRONG; OR, DISEASES OF THE ORGANS OF THE CHEST, WITH THEIR HOME TREATMENT BY THE MOVEMENT CURE. By DIO LEWIS, M. D. Profusely illustrated. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

We commend this work to the attention of our readers, especially to those afflicted with weak lungs. While Dr. Lewis, in our opinion, occasionally carries his views to an extreme, there is doubtless a great deal of truth in what he says, and a great deal of virtue in the remedies of fresh air and exercise which he proposes. In fact they are about the only remedies for consumption worth anything.

We are pleased to see an announcement in this volume of a new school, managed with a due regard to physical well-being and culture, which is to be opened on the first of October in Boston. Such a school is greatly needed, not only for itself, but in order to correct our one-sided present system of public schools. The indications are that in the course of a few decades, we Christians shall begin to have almost as correct views upon the subject of education as the heathen Greeks had some twenty centuries ago.

AMERICAN ANNUAL CYCLOPÆDIA and Register of Important Events in the year 1862, vol. II. This is a very valuable summary of all the important political and military events of the year, detailed day by day, carefully prepared from official papers. J. K. Simon is the agent in this city for its sale, as well as for the National Quarterly Review. Published by the Appletons, New York.

LOST AND SAVED. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton, author of "Stuart of Dunleath," &c. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

DIAMONDS AND OTHER JEWELS.—The National Quarterly Review says that many wear artificial gems; "but the difficulty is, that so many wear the spurious article, innocently believing that it is genuine. And why should they doubt it? They have paid the price of the genuine for it. True, it does not sparkle to their liking; they have seen many others of much greater brilliancy. But do not the true gems differ in a similar manner? We have known many to reason in this way in regard to a 'diamond' which cost from $50 to $500, but which, notwithstanding, is nothing more than a piece of glass or *paste*. This, when properly understood, will account for the fact that more ornaments purporting to be diamonds are worn in this country alone than would make a much larger mass, if piled together, than all the genuine diamonds yet discovered in both hemispheres." In like manner, there is more champagne wine drank in this country in one year than, from the most prosperous vintages, was ever produced in France in even a dozen picked years.

☞ Jones writes to a friend and closes by saying, "I am glad to be able to say that my wife is recovering slowly."

☞ It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both wings of an army is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

☞ When we record our angry feelings, let it be on the snow, that the first beam of sunshine may obliterate them for ever.

☞ If men could find the fabled fountain that is said to restore youth, with what eagerness they would rush to drink its waters! Yet with scarcely less eagerness do they rush to drink the waters that bring upon them premature old age, disease and loathsome ugliness.

☞ The ancients used to have their house clocks cased in the body of a statue, the eyes of the figure moving with the pendulum, turning up their white and black alternately.

☞ Genius invents fine manners, which the baron and baroness copy very fast, and, by the advantage of a palace, better the instruction.

☞ The profession of a clergyman is sooner learned than that of a doctor; it is much easier for most people to preach than to practice.

DOWN IN DIXIE.

There was once upon a time, a very nice young Hessian sergeant, who, while in command of a picket down in Shenandoah Valley, gradually became aware that there was a very pretty girl in the habit of passing "quite promiscuous" while he was on post.

Very pretty girls indeed, were all three of the Miss Jeffs. Dark of hair, bright of eye, and keen of wit, they knew the rules of coquetry from Alpha to Omega, better than they did their prayers, and took interest in observing their practical effect.

The family lived just inside our lines, and were neutral—that is to say, they had two brothers with Ashby, and used to sell meals, &c., (&c. in Virginia, generally means whiskey,) to our officers and soldiers at about ten times their real value, all the while wishing "this horrid war would cease."

Our young sergeant's natural modesty having been overcome with great difficulty, he speedily became quite intimate, not to say gallant, with the young lady and her sisters.

Why shouldn't he, pray? He had not seen a white female in three months who had not scowled or spat at him, but one, and she threw a brick—a sort of thing which though amusing at first, grew tiresome by repetition; so that when he met two good looking feminines, who did neither, he was fascinated.

Though he took his meals at their house (at 50 cents each,) and made himself generally agreeable, to the best of his ability, our sergeant never forgot that he had command of an unusually large picket, sent out purposely to give timely warning of an expected raid on the station, and never left the road without posting a force too strong to be cut off by a cavalry dash before an alarm could be given, and would not leave his men after dusk for all the beauty of Virginia.

After declining several invitations to pass the evening, a few days before the time of his return he received a most pressing invitation to bring his men to partake of a dinner prepared by the Miss Jeffs.

"They had behaved so gentlemanly, so unlike the usual coarse mercenaries, that really they must accept of our hospitality. And you will come, I know."

Who could resist such a speech, accompanied as it was with a blush and a look which would have brought Gen. Wool himself on his marrow bones?

"But I can't leave the road unguarded.—My orders are—"

"Oh, never mind that. Isn't the road in sight from here? Why can't you leave one man and bring the rest up? There is no danger in the middle of the day, to be so much afraid of. This is Northern courage, is it?" with a snuff highly derogatory to the aforesaid Northern production.

Of course it was the old story over of Samson and Delilah; and this speech, with a little more wheedling, produced an acceptance of the invitation; and the sergeant, after taking a short leave of the family in general in the parlor, and a long and affectionate one of Miss Jeff. in particular, on the stairs, effected a retreat.

"Flattering, isn't it, that she should take such a great interest in me," he soliloquized. "But then to ask the men. I am blessed if I can see through it, anyhow." And he fell into a brown study, from which he was startled by a whisper.

"Massa Sergeant!"

"The sergeant started, looked around, and half drew his revolver, but seeing nothing but a juvenile darkey ensconced in an angle of the worm fence, he thrust it back again.

"Hollo, Nick, you imp of darkness?" he cried, recognizing one of the house-servants of the Jeffs, upon whom he had bestowed several small favors.

"Step here, Massa Sergeant. Don't let no one see you, and I'll tell you somefin."

A long and anxious confab ensued, interspersed with considerable cursing on the part of the military gentleman, at the end of which the sergeant took his way to the camp instead of the post, in a study far browner than that from which he had so recently emerged.

At precisely noon of the next day, a look into the dining-room of the Jeffs would have disclosed the sergeant, and with one exception, the entire picket under his command, sitting at the table, their arms stacked in the hall, making an onset before which the dinner vanished like chaff before the wind.

One hour passed.

Suddenly steps were heard on the piazza.

"Don't disturb yourselves," said one of the young ladies, going to the window. "It's only some of the niggers."

"I won't," replied the sergeant, with a tender glance.

The steps came on the stairs—up them; the young ladies glanced uneasily around, but the Sergeant never stirred. There was a stir in the hall, followed by a sudden rush, and about twenty five of Ashby's cavalry made their entrance, with an utter disregard to the proprieties of life and the presence of ladies.

"You may as well give yourselves up quietly," smiled the sergeant's (?) conquest to his adored and his followers, who were consulting in the corner to which they had retreated. My brothers always treat their prisoners well, and we have your guns."

"Well, darned if I ever saw such perfidy!" cried the sergeant, throwing his hat from the window in a rage.

"Give me five minutes to collect myself, Lieutenant," turning to the commander of the troop—"and I'll tell you what I'll do."

"All right, my boy—take six," returned the young lady's brother, in the most good-natured manner, sitting down, and pitching into the dinner like a half starved dragoon, as he was—an unceremonious example, which was imitated by his followers.

Five minutes passed. A tramping was heard outside.

"Darn those horses," exclaimed Lieutenant Jeff, with his mouth full of corn bread and broiled chicken. "There's no guard there. Tom, go down and see if they're getting unhitched."

Tom filled his mouth full of the same articles, picked up his carbine and started.

He looked back as he reached the door.

"Keep me some fodder, Lieutenant. I am— What the deuce is—"

Bang.

Blue wreaths of smoke circle into the room and sluggishly roll upward, and Tom pitches heavily forward, with a bullet through his brain, never more to rise, while several files of the 298th Regiment emerged from the smoke and marched over him, their muskets at a charge; and at the same time, each of the pickets at the other end of the room produced his revolver and marked his man.

"Have to trouble you to surrender, gentlemen," remarked the Sergeant, with a condescending wave of his hand towards the Secesh. "You see you haven't got all our arms."

"Just my luck!" cried the Lieutenant.—Here I am taken prisoner before I have half eaten the only dinner I have seen in a month."

"Don't let me interfere," interrupted the Sergeant, with a native politeness. "Take you to the camp any time."

The Lieutenant looked at his men and winked. They grinned back their response. But the Sergeant was oblivious, and the meal proceeded.

All at once its progress was interrupted by dropping shots on the road, the galloping of horses, and the hurrahs of charging cavalry.

The Lieutenant pricked up his ears, and winked the second time at his men.

"I reckon, Sergeant," he remarked to his captor, who remained as cool as a cucumber, "that the tables are changed again. Those are our boys—there's no mistaking that noise. That's—"

He was interrupted by a sudden cessation of the cheering, and the heavy boom of cannon so near the house that the windows rattled and the glasses danced upon the table. The sound was repeated, and followed by a heavy volley from infantry.

"What the deuce is that?" he exclaimed, starting up in great agitation. "Our boys had no heavy cannon."

"I know it," remarked his captor, with serenity, "but our Colonel thought them such handy things to have around, that he posted two pieces and a few men, last night, in the brush where the road forks, and I rather guess they have given Ashby particular fits."

The Lieutenant dropped into his seat, and made a faint attempt to swallow some more corn bread; but it was no use. Slowly he laid aside his knife and fork, and rose from the table with the air of a man who had rather more than was good for him.

"Take us, Sergeant," he said, resignedly.

And he did take them, men, women, horses, darkeys and all.

Their fate was the usual one. The contrabands skedaddled; the horses went to the Post Quartermaster (that is, some of them did; the rest were, somehow lost, though envious people said the line officers of the 298th all got new horses about that time;) the men were paroled.

The ladies, of course, took the oath, and were discharged; for our great Republic does not war on lovely women.

A Female Physician in Hooker's Army.

Among the unmarshaled host of camp followers of the army, writes a correspondent from the Army of the Potomac, not the least noteworthy personage is Miss Mary E. Walker, or "Dr. Walker," as she is usually styled, a legitimate daughter of Esculapius, and apparently a lady of commendable philanthropy. She is a native of New York, has received a regular medical education, and believes her sex ought not to disqualify her for the performance of deeds of mercy to the suffering heroes of the Republic. Dressed in male habiliments with the exception of a girlish-looking straw hat, decked off with an ostrich feather, with a petite figure and feminine features, the *tout ensemble* is quite engaging. Her reputation is unsullied, and she carries herself amid the camp with jaunty air of dignity well calculated to receive the sincere respect of the soldiers. She has been with the army on several different occasions—was with it at Burnside's defeat, and more recently at Sedgwick's crossing of the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg, where she was very active in her attention to our wounded. She can amputate a limb with the skill of an old surgeon, and administer medicine equally as well. Strange to say that although she has frequently applied for a permanent position in the medical corps, she has never been assigned to any particular duty. In case red tape etiquette or conventional rule should prevent her from obtaining a place in the medical department, she intends to renew the offer of her services to the proper authorities at Washington. She is at present temporarily attached to the Sanitary Commission, whose headquarters are at the Lacy House, opposite Fredericksburg.

THE FOURTH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"We cannot keep the Fourth!" says one,
"While o'er us rests the angry glare
Of the two-edg'd sword that War doth wield—
Groans reach us from the battlefield,
And sounds of mourning fill the air."

"Lo! in one place alone, we know
Two armies stand in stern array;
And Treason's arm is lifted high
To tear our banner from the sky;
Ours is no 'glorious Fourth,' to-day!"

Oh, loyal hearts, beating as one
Where'er the Stars and Stripes ye see!
This is no day for us to weep,
Which our forefathers bade us keep
Sacred fore'er to Liberty!

Now is no time to hold our peace!
Now is no time to mourn our slain!
But let the rocks and hills prolong
The notes of our triumphal song;
Sing—if we never sing again.

Ring we our bells, and fire our guns,
Rejoicing as in days now gone.
Shall envying nations, sneering, cry
"Freedom's last hours are drawing nigh—
E'en now her sons put mourning on?"

Nay, higher raise yon glorious flag!
The banner that our fathers bore,
And while our fallen brave we bless,
We look for victory no less,
And wait till peace shall come once more.

S. J. A.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE large coffee speculators have not all made a good thing out of their speculation. The price has become so enormous since last year, that thousands of families have entirely discontinued the use of coffee; and immense lots of the article remain on the speculators' hands in New York and elsewhere, they losing the interest.

FALL OF ROCK.—On last Saturday night a large section of rock on the Canada side of the Niagara Falls, near the Table Rock Hotel, fell into the abyss, giving the falls on that side a more decided horse-shoe appearance than they had before.

"MY dearest Maria," wrote a recently married husband to his wife. She wrote back:—"Dearest, let me correct either your grammar or your morals. You address me, 'My dearest Maria.' Am I to suppose you have other dear Marias?"

SHORT OF LABORERS.—A correspondent at Annapolis (Md.) says that the farmers of that county, owing to the scarcity of labor, have applied to the colonel commanding at Camp Parole for paroled prisoners to assist them in harvesting their crops.

GOVERNOR CURTIN has issued his proclamation calling for 60,000 men to serve for three months, to be paid by the State and to act in its defence. General Dana, of Massachusetts, has been placed in command of the defences of Philadelphia, and General W. F. Smith to those of the Susquehanna. Milroy having been relieved, Colonel Pierce has taken command of the troops at Bloody Run.

ADMIRAL FOOTE died in New York on the 26th. He was one of the bravest and best of American seamen.

PETER APPLE, of Oakland, Marion county, was lately recruited for the 11th Indiana, and took part in the attempt to storm one of the Vicksburg batteries. The rebel fire was so destructive that our army recoiled. Apple, the "raw recruit," "didn't see" the backward movement and kept going ahead until he came right up to one of the rebel guns, caught a gunner by the collar and brought him within our lines, saying: "Boys, why didn't you come on. Every fellow might have got one."

FORT COUCH.—The fortifications bearing this name, on Hummel's heights, opposite Harrisburg, are nearly complete. The works are very strong. A large number of workmen are still employed in the ditches in front of the escarpment, and others are at work on the hill still further beyond. The beautiful grove which crowned the crest of Hummel's hill has all disappeared and been wrought into defensive works, and not a stalk of the waving wheat or clover now holds up its head; all is beaten down into the ground by the tramp of soldiery and the coming and going of horses and wagons. The view from the breastworks of Fort Couch is beautiful and magnificent. It commands the Cumberland valley, and the eye of the beholder takes in the majestic sweep of the Susquehanna for miles above and below, with the dark groves, the green fields and smiling meadows on either side, while beneath him lies the bustling State Capital.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

A SINGULAR SPECTACLE IN BATTLE.—At the battle of Stone River, while the men were lying behind a crest waiting, a brace of frantic wild turkeys, so paralyzed with fright that they were incapable of flying, ran between the lines and endeavored to hide among the men.

But the frenzy among the turkeys was not so touching as the exquisite fright of the birds and rabbits. When the roar of battle rushed through the cedar thickets, flocks of little birds fluttered and circled above the field in a state of utter bewilderment, and scores of rabbits fled for protection to our men lying down in line on the left, nestling under their coats and creeping under their legs in a state of utter distraction. They hopped over the field like toads, and as perfectly tamed by fright as household pets. Many officers witnessed it, remarking it as one of the most curious spectacles ever seen upon the battle-field.

USING THIER SABRES.—A curious fact connected with the late cavalry fight I must not forget to relate before the recollection of the fight has died away. A couple of days after the fight, General Pleasanton's command made a requisition for *twenty grindstones* with which to *grind up their sabres*. This is a positive fact, and illustrates very pointedly the nature of the contest. Hand-to-hand it was, in earnest.

L. L. CROUNSE.

☞ It is said that with a Yankee, every day is a day of "reckoning."

INOCULATION AND VACCINATION.

Prussia has reason for her rejoicing; for, by an event which occurred on the 14th of May, 1796, nearly forty thousand lives a year were saved before the century was out; and the number has since increased, of course, in proportion to the increase of population. The event thus commemorated was the brave act of Dr. Jenner—of vaccinating a child from the hand of a dairywoman who had the pock straight from the cow. In consequence of that act, there was a saving of 210,000 lives annually in Europe; and at the time of this fearful venture, as Dr. Jenner's friends considered it, the mortality from smallpox in the known parts of the world was twenty-five millions every quarter of a century. The numbers seem scarcely credible, but they are well ascertained; and some explanation of the rapid and vast increase just before Jenner's time is afforded by the calamitous introduction of inoculation. Much courage and excellent intention will always be attributed to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who introduced the practice from Turkey, and to those whom she converted; but they did not foresee, and for a long time society did not perceive, that the constant keeping alive of the disease would destroy more than inoculation could save. Year by year the disease became as terrific as it formerly was at intervals when it came as a plague, carrying off its tens of thousands in each country, and then subsiding, and passing almost out of sight for a course of years. Spain was very little troubled with smallpox (except on occasion,) while it was ravaging in other countries, because in Spain inoculation was not permitted after its danger was perceived; and in France the evil became much mitigated after 1763, from the prohibition of inoculation. These facts are striking; but more so is the historical truth that Sweden, Denmark, and some German states were absolutely free from smallpox for twenty years, after vaccination was properly enforced by the respective governments.

Why the Romans Went to Bed Early.

History tells us that ancient Rome, even in the times of festival, was always as quiet as the grave after the closing in of night—a fact which DeQuincey thus accounts for:—"They went to bed early in those ages, simply because their worthy mother earth could not afford them candles. She, good old lady or young lady, (for geologists know not whether she is in that stage of her progress which corresponds to gray hairs, or to infancy, or a 'certain age,') she, good lady, would certainly have shuddered to hear any of her nations inquiring for candles. 'Candles, indeed!' she would say, 'who ever heard of such a thing? and with so much excellent daylight running to waste, as I have provided gratis? What will the wretches want next?' The Romans, therefore, who saw no joke in sitting round a table in the dark, went off to bed as the darkness began. Everybody did so. Old Numa Pompilius himself was obliged to trudle off in the dusk. Tarquinius may have been a very superb fellow; but I doubt whether he ever saw a farthing rush light. And though it may be thought that plots and conspiracies would flourish in such a city of darkness, it is to be considered that the conspirators themselves had no more candles than honest men; both parties were in the dark."

GOOD DOCTRINE.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent sermon upon training children, says:—

"We must not attempt to select too closely our children's life-work, especially if they show that they have a natural tendency in any right direction. This is apt to be a fault, not of poor men, but of rich men. Poor men are glad to have their children do anything that will yield them an honest livelihood. If a man is poor, and his child wants to be a mason, he lets him be a mason. If the child wants to be a carpenter, that is well enough. If he wants to be a farmer, a poor man's son makes a good farmer. A poor man's son does not let himself down by going to sea. It is only to those that are rich that these common pursuits of life are foolishly deemed disgraceful.

"Now, no man's flesh and blood is too good to work. If your son wants to go to sea, he is not too good to go to sea. If your son wants to be a mechanic, he is not at all too good to be a mechanic. If your son wants to work on a farm, dirt is healthy for your boy. Where a child is equally well adapted to several avocations, and it is more convenient to put him in some than others, a parent may exercise a reasonable influence upon his choice; but a parent is never to overrule a decided bent or disposition of his child for any honorable calling in life."

☞ There are one hundred and fifty persons in New York, who are known to have made fortunes, varying from $100 000 to $1,500,000 during the past eighteen months some by stocks, some by contracts, some by shoddy, some by selling bad vessels to the Government, some by crackers and cheese for the army, and some by disposing of good offices. These shoddy aristocrats have added about two hundred brilliant new equipages to the Ring at the Central Park, and will soon figure largely at the watering-places.

LATEST NEWS.

The Invasion.

HARRISBURG, June 28, P. M.—The capital of the state is in danger. The enemy is within four miles of our works and advancing. The cannonading has been distinctly heard for three hours. Our troops are in position awaiting the attack.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is so far safe.

HARRISBURG, June 28.—Fighting has been going on at Wrightsville, and at the latest our forces were in retreat across the Long Bridge, between Wrightsville and Columbia, which it was found necessary to burn. A number of bridges on the Northern Central Railroad have been destroyed by the rebels.

So rapid has been the march of the rebels that they have occupied successively Hagerstown, Greencastle, Chambersburg, Shippensburg, Newville, Carlisle, Gettysburg, Hanover, York, Wrightsville, Mechanicsburg, and are now spread over all the region lying between the Susquehanna and Laurel Ridge, south of the Juniata. Not a single point in that whole section remains in our possession.

BALTIMORE, June 28.—The telegraph is working to Glen Rock, on the Northern Central, six miles this side of Hanover Junction.

It is rumored that the rebels are moving on Havre de Grace.

Miscellaneous.

WASHINGTON, June 28, 1863.—General Hooker was last night relieved from the command of the army, at his own request, and General Meade has been appointed his successor.

The career of the pirate Tacony has come to an end, by the capture of all her officers, near Portland. After having stolen the cutter Caleb Cushing, they were pursued by the steamers Florida and Chesapeake, and caught in their boats.

LOUISVILLE, June 28.—To-day's Nashville Union reports that one division of the Federal army captured 3,000 rebels, on Saturday, when going through Hoover's Gap.

The rebels made a dash into and captured Plaquemine, La., on the 18th inst.—They burned four steamers and captured thirty prisoners.

WASHINGTON, June 28.—Major-General Dix telegraphs as follows:

FORTRESS MONROE, June 26.—Col. Spear, of the 11th Pennsylvania cavalry, whom I sent out two days ago, completely destroyed the bridge of the Virginia Central Railroad over the South Anna, captured General W. F. Lee, Lieutenant Colonel Hearsable, four captains, five lieutenants and one hundred privates, and brought them in.

COME, DEATH, ere step or sound I hear,
Unknown the hour, unfelt the pain,
Lest the wild joy to feel thee near
Should thrill me back to life again.
Come sudden, as the lightning ray,
When skies are calm and air is still,
E'en from the silence of its way
More sure to strike where'er it will.

—*Old Writer.*

☞ A WITTY AIDE-DE-CAMP.—During the battle of Fredericksburg the Confederate General Lee observed one of his aides-de-camp, a very young man, shrink every now and then, and, by the motion of his body, seek to evade, if possible, the shot.—"Sir," said Lee, "what do you mean? Do you think you can dodge the balls? Do you not know that Napoleon lost about a hundred aides-de camp in one campaign?" "So I've read," replied the young officer, "but I did not think you could spare so many."

☞ An English writer says of the militia of London, that the captain of one of the corps averred it was dangerous to make the rear rank take close order, for fear ti would pick the pockets of the front rank.

☞ The Empress of the French has set the fashion of having the heads of her carriage horses decked with artificial flowers. At last accounts the horses of the Imperial lady wore wreaths of lilac.

☞ Prof. Faraday, of England, the celebrated chemist, was once an apprentice to a bookbinder, and was never liberally educated. He is a self-made man.

☞ Mrs. Partington desires to know why the captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port.

☞ WHAT'S IN A NAME?—A new portrait of the Rebel President has just been published in Paris, with the inscription—"Mr. J. Davids, President of South America."

☞ Not long since one of the magistrates of Bristol, (Eng.,) at the Council House, addressing a man brought before him, who did not appear under very favorable circumstances, inquired if he were married? "No," replied the man. "Then," rejoined his worship, amid peals of laughter from the other occupants of the court, "it's a good thing for your wife."

☞ "We want you to make for the church," said a vestryman to a carpenter, "two new commandment boards. We want them of free, sound timber, with no knots in it." "You'd better take some of the 'nots' out of the commandment, then," replied the carpenter.

☞ A London Coroner's jury recently rendered a verdict in the following words: "Death from chloroform properly administered."

☞ He can hardly be prepared to enter the world of spirits who trembles at the thought of encountering a solitary ghost.

☞ The oldest newspaper in the world is printed on silk, in Pekin, China, and has been published weekly for more than a thousand years.

☞ The husband who devoured his wife with kisses found afterwards that she disagreed with him.

From the American Presbyterian Review.

BULGARIAN POPULAR SONGS

BY ELIAS RIGGS, D. D.,

Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., at Constantinople.

[The following communication from Dr. Riggs was read before the American Oriental Society, at its recent semi-annual meeting, in Princeton, N. J.:]

The following pieces are selected from a collection of Bulgarian popular songs recently published, *Bulgarski Narodni Pesni*, collected by Demetrius and Constantine Miladinov, Agram, 1861, pp. 542, 8 vo. I have rendered them in the measure of the original and very literally. The reader will be struck with the resemblance of these compositions to the song of "Hiawatha," in which, if Mr. Longfellow has given us, as I suppose, a fair specimen of the style and composition of Indian Songs, the coincidence is truly remarkable. The measure, the absence of rhyme, the repetition of words from the close of one line in the beginning of the next, and the repetition of entire lines in a question and its answer, or in a promise and the story of its fulfillment, appear alike in both.

This collection consists of more than six hundred pieces, large and small, all professedly taken from the mouths of illiterate, common people, and is one of the largest volumes yet printed in the Bulgarian language.

The measure of which the first two pieces are specimens, is the one most used. Other songs exhibit lines of various lengths, from five to seventeen syllables. The themes, too, are various. Some are heroic, some erotic. Some exhibit religious legends, fables of the doings of fairies or dragons, or the contests of saints with monsters inhabiting pools or fountains. The whole present an interesting picture of the traditions and fancies prevailing among the mass of the Bulgarian people. ELIAS RIGGS.

Constantinople, June, 1863.

IVAN POPOFF AND THE FAIRY.

Out he started, Ivan Popoff,
To go off on Easter Sunday,
Easter Sunday, to his ploughing;
He had gotten about half way
When there issued out a fairy,
A wild fairy of the mountain,
And she stopped the way before him.
"Turn you, turn you, Ivan Popoff,
Don't go out on Easter Sunday,
Easter Sunday to your ploughing."
Ivan handsomely her answered:
"Get away, away, you fairy,
Or I'll down from off my courser,
By your flaxen hair I'll catch you,
And I'll tie you to my courser,
To the tail of my swift courser,
And I'll drag you like a harrow."

Then the fairy she was angry,
And her flaxened hair she loosened,
And she tripped up his swift courser,
Longing his black eyes to swallow.

Then was angry Ivan Popoff,
And he caught the wily fairy,
By her flaxen hair he caught her,
And he tied her to his courser,
To the tail of his swift courser,
And he dragged her like a harrow.
Swiftly to his home he took her.
From afar he calls his mother;
"Oh, come out my dearest mother,
For a bride to you I'm bringing,
For a bride I bring a fairy,
To relieve you, dearest mother,
Wash the linen for my father,
Comb the hair of little brother,
Plait the tresses of my sister."

Then he locked up her right pinion
In a parti-colored casket,
And three years this bride lived with him,
And a little son she bore him.
Then she called a worthy sponsor,
And her little son they christened;
Then came in the sponsor's lady,
Thus accosted she the fairy:
"Fairy bride, now dance a little,
Let us see a fairy dancer."

Thus replied to her the fairy:
"Listen to me, worthy sponsors,
Let but Ivan Popoff give me,
Let him give me my right pinion,
Then I'll dance for you with pleasure."

"Ah! but fairy bride, we doubt you,
You'll escape, for you are faithless."

"If you doubt me, Ivan Popoff,
If you fear that I'll escape you,
Then the door securely fasten,
Fasten too the gate securely,
Then I'll dance for you with pleasure."

So the door secure they fastened,
Fastened too the gate securely.

But as she began her dancing,
Quick she flew from out the chimney.

Then her mother-in-law called her:
"Fairy bride, but baby's crying,
Crying to be rocked and suckled."

Thus to her the fairy answered;
"When for me my baby's crying,
Baby's crying to be suckled,
Tuck him close under the rafters,
And a gentle dew I'll shed there,
And I'll nurse my little baby.
When for me my baby's crying,
Baby to be rocked is crying,
There upon the bed you'll lay him,
And a gentle breeze I'll blow there,
And I'll rock my little baby."

So her mother-in-law cheated,
When she heard the baby crying,
Baby crying to be rocked.
Then upon the bed she laid him,
But no breeze the fairy blew him,
But she came herself, the fairy,
Came and took away the baby,
And she thus accosted Ivan;
"Ah! but look here, Ivan Popoff,
Did you think that you could hold me,
Think that you could hold a fairy,
Have a fairy for a mistress?"

ANNA THE CUCKOO.

Something white and something waving,
On white Belashetsar's summit,
Can it be the drifted snow-banks?
Can it be the swan's white plumage?
No, 'tis not the drifted snow-banks;
No, 'tis not the swan's white plumage;
But 'tis only one white tent there,
Under which the youthful Stoyan,
Youthful Stoyan sick is lying.
Thus did he accost his sister:
"Hark, my sister dear, fair Anna,
Go, dear Anna, bring me water
From the cool and foaming Danube."

Anna thus her brother answered:
"Ah! my brother, youthful Stoyan,
But I do not know the way there,
Know the way to foaming Danube,
Either going or returning."

Stoyan spoke, and thus he answered:
"Listen, sister, my poor Anna,
Cut a gash upon your finger,
Cut and let the crimson blood run,
Then as you go down the mountain,
Mark the trees and rocks in passing;
When you reach the foaming Danube,
Fill your jug with its cool water,
Then return as you descended,
By the marks your way discerning."

Anna listened to her brother,
Cut a gash upon her finger,
Then she started down the mountain,
Marked the trees and rocks in passing;
When she reached the foaming Danube,
Filled her jug with its cool water,
Then on her return she started.

But alas! alas! poor Anna,
Is it that the fine dew falling
Has erased the marks you made there,
All the marks of bloody crimson,
Made on trees and rocks in passing?

So she lost her way, poor Anna,
And she wandered down the mountain:
With three days of weary walking,
Not a trace could she discover
Of the way back to her brother,
Back to her sick brother Stoyan.

Then she turned to Heaven, poor Anna,
Sadly prayed: "Oh, God of mercy!
To a little bird now change me,
Change me to a sky-blue cuckoo,
Let me fly among the beeches,
To my brother let me hasten,
To my poor sick brother Stoyan."

And the Lord her prayer accepted;
To a sky-blue bird he changed her,
To a sky-blue bird, a cuckoo,
And she still is singing: "*Cuckoo.*"

THE BLIND LOVER.

"My dear mother, even the Prayer-Book says a woman may not marry her grandfather."

"Yes, my dear, also that a man may not marry his grandmother; but what has that to do with Mr. Lee?"

"Simply that he is old enough to be my grandfather nearly."

"There is a great difference, certainly, but not quite sufficient for that, Katherine.—Mr. Lee is four-and-thirty, and you nearly eighteen."

"My dear mother, I always thought him fifty when I rode his pony years ago."

"Very likely; children's ideas of age are not very correct. They generally think their mother in her dotage at forty. Five years ago he was nine-and-twenty."

"Then such a name, my dear mother. Fancy Michael! It might almost as well be Zedekiah or Nebuchadnezzar at once.—I remember your reading a novel with a Nathaniel for a hero; I do not think I could stand Michael for mine; and besides, he is half a widower."

"My dear Katherine, far be it from me to persuade you to marry Mr. Lee, or any one else, only do try and be serious; think quietly about it, and then give me your answer."

Whether it were possible for Katherine to think quietly on any subject whatever just then, I don't know; however, her answer was given, and Mrs. Parker told Mr. Lee her daughter could not make up her mind to say anything but "No." Shortly after Mr. Lee left Oldcourt and went abroad. The only one of the Parker family who bade him farewell was Katherine's little brother Harry, and he announced in the evening:

"I shall be up early to-morrow: I am going up to say good-bye to dear Mr. Lee. Will you come, Katie?"

"No, thank you, Harry," Katherine answered, with a look at her mother, "I am not fond of getting up early."

"What a shame! not for once even, and he was so kind to you always. I am so sorry he's going; I hope he won't be long away. I suppose you think yourself too big for his pony now, Katie, as you never ride it. I wonder if I shall be able to have it when he is away."

So early the next morning, a bright one in the middle of February, Harry was off along the lanes and across the fields to Oldcourt. There was a short cut through a wood, which skirted the Pool, to the house. The ground was crisp—just a tinge of white frost—every blade of grass sparkling in the bright sun. There is nothing so beautiful as a white frost, except the spring, when every bud is bursting, and every wood is getting full of wild flowers, and every bird is singing. They sing altogether, each its own song, yet none is out of tune, even when the rooks join in. How is it, I wonder?

A tall, dark man, with a calm, grave face was looking out on the park and woods at Oldcourt—the park and woods that had been his and his fathers' for generations. He *did* look old for four-and-thirty. Many men look as young at forty. The Lees all turn gray soon—it seems to run in some families—and there were some white hairs already showing among the black. The face looked almost stern, till two little hands seized hold of one of his, then it looked down with a kindly smile on the early visitor.

"Ah, Harry, my boy, I thought I should not see you again!"

"My dear old Michael, did you think I would let you go without saying a regular good bye? What a brute you must think me!"

"No, I do not, but it is early for you.—You shall have some breakfast with me, for I had nearly forgotten it."

So they sat down, and Michael Lee told Harry he was to fish with his keeper, George Mitford, whenever he liked, and Frisky he was to consider his own whilst he was away; and at that up jumped Harry and threw his arms round his neck and kissed him.

"I can't think why you are going away," said the boy. "I know you're sorry. I saw your face as I came in. Why are you going?"

"Why? Everybody goes abroad sometimes, Harry. I shall be home again before Christmas, I dare say. What shall I bring you?—the falling Tower of Pisa, or Mont Blanc?"

"No, no; but I should like some red-hot lava from Mount Vesuvius, and a Mount St. Bernard dog: only a puppy, Michael. Are there any puppies, I wonder: you only read of the big dogs, but I daresay there are some puppies sometimes; don't you think there must be?"

Michael Lee thought there certainly could not be always big dogs unless there were puppies occasionally.

"Can you bring some red-hot lava in your portmanteau, Michael? I want it the color of that picture in your bedroom of Mount Vesuvius with the blue sky; will you take an empty jam-pot from Mrs. Wilkins and fill it full for me? It will burn your clothes if you have it loose, won't it?"

Michael Lee thought it very probably would, and then he had to explain it would puzzle Michael Scott himself to bring him red-hot lava the color of Mount Vesuvius in the picture with the blue sky. Of course Harry asked who Michael Scott was? and his namesake had to explain how one word of his had cleft, not Mount Vesuvius, but the Eildon Hills in three, and how when his horse stamped his foot, the bells in Notre Dame rang; and how he had told the *Old Gentleman* to mind his own business, and carry him across the sea;—and just then the dog cart came round to the door, and Michael Lee said:

"Here comes, not Diabolus, Harry, but Black Rover, and I must mount and fly, or I shall miss the train. Tell Mrs. Parker I was sorry not to see her to say good-bye, and I hope she will come and take any flowers she likes; see, here is a note I had written, and was going to send; you take it for me; don't lose it."

"Oh, no, I won't lose it, and Michael, may Katie ride Frisky?"

"I do not think your sister cares for him now, Harry."

There was a change in the tone of voice; a thing children are very quick in noticing.

"Are you vexed with Katie?" said the boy. "She *was* very fond of Frisky. I can remember, a long, long time ago—I could only have been a little fellow quite, about five or something of that sort, for I had pinafores—when she used to ride Frisky, and she liked it so much; and she used to fish then, and row the boat across the pool. I can't think why she never does anything jolly now, can you, Michael?"

Michael swallowed his hot tea without answering; then the boy clung to him to say good-bye.

"I'll take you through the park, and drop you at the gate, Harry;" and the thought of that brought a smile instead of the salt tears that had begun to come.

"I won't cry, Michael; I shall be nine my next birthday."

(It wanted 345 days to his next birthday!) But when he was dropped at the gate, and he and old Sarah at the lodge had watched the dog-cart disappear, and he saw her shake her head and wipe her eyes, and heard her say: "There goes a good gentleman, if ever there was one in this world, or the next!" he could not stand it; and, after a good cry, he told Sarah that he was to ride Frisky, and go fishing with George Mitford; but all the fish he caught he should keep for Mr. Lee; he would not let Susan cook one, for he would much rather Mr. Lee had them all! which determination so comforted him, that he looked at Sarah's Polish hens, admired their top-knots, and then went on his way home.

Mr. Parker had been Michael Lee's tutor. At his death his wife was left with one daughter of ten and a baby a few months old. Two boys and a girl had gone before him. Harry was born a year after, and Mr. Parker died, and then the widow, with her two children, returned to the neighborhood of her old home, where her husband had been curate, and afterwards tutor to Mr. Lee. Mr. Lee was one of the first to welcome Mrs. Parker; a sad welcome to the place where her early, happy days had been spent. Michael Lee was then a young man of six-and-twenty. He had had a sincere regard for his tutor, and every little attention in his power he bestowed on Mrs. Parker. There was the quiet old pony for Katherine to ride, his park was open to her and her mother; some of the choicest flowers were always on her table. It was no self-denial, he had plenty of everything; but he had a way of being kind—he always thought of others—and his way of being kind and thoughtful was never disagreeable; with some people it is. He and Katherine were soon great friends. As she grew older, and the old pony more stupid, a younger one took its place; the "Frisky" of which we have heard, and fishing and boating at Oldcourt were among her greatest pleasures. Then came the news of Mr. Lee's approaching marriage. It was quite true, he told Mrs. Parker of it himself, all joy and happiness; and two months after the funeral bells at Oldcourt were tolling for her who was to have been mistress there so soon—tolling for the bride elect.

Katherine was sixteen then, and Mrs. Parker moved to London for a twelvemonth, to give her the advantage of some better masters than Oldcourt afforded. At the end of that time she returned to her favorite cottage, and the pony, fishing, and boating were transferred to Harry, who was delighted with everything after the confinement of London. A grave, quiet man was Michael Lee now; it was strange a child like Harry should be so devoted to him, yet so it was. Harry was his constant companion through his woods, marking the trees, carrying his fishing basket, perfectly satisfied in his own mind he was of great use and assistance to Mr. Lee, whom he very soon learnt to call Michael; and the grave, quiet man grew very fond of the boy, partly on his own account, for all loved Harry, and partly, ere many months were over, for the sake of his sister; and so at last he spoke to Mrs. Parker. Katherine refused him, and he went abroad. Harry begged to write to him, and Michael Lee answered his letters, which contained a great deal of news of various kinds; such as the ewe with the black mark on her leg had three lambs again this year, and one was fed with a teapot. There was a blackbird's nest in one of the red rhododendrons. Frisky was in great beauty, but it was very difficult to catch him now, as he would not come for corn when there was so much grass; he found the best way was to blow a cow's-horn trumpet behind a bush, for Frisky came to see what the noise was, thinking the hounds were out, Harry believed, and then he was easily taken. A corncrake and her legs mown off, sitting on her nest, by Thomas Smith, when they were mowing the mill meadow, and Harry had taken some of the eggs to see if Katie's bantum would hatch them, &c., &c. Then came an account of a bad cold he had caught somehow, he could not tell how; boys never can; but he had not been allowed to go out fishing for some time, nor in the boat with George Mitford. George had had a bad finger, but it was better, and he had a new baby, and Venus had puppies. It (the baby) was christened last Sunday; it was a boy, which was much better than a girl, as it might be a keeper too some day. They were all beauties, especially one with a black nose; and had he been to Mount St. Bernard yet?

Harry's next letter was finished by Mrs. Parker, and she told Mr. Lee the cold had become a cough, and that Dr. Watson thought it would be more prudent for him to winter at the seaside. They were going to Beaumaris the end of September; and when Michael Lee received this letter he felt sure Harry was worse than his mother thought. During that winter at Beaumaris Harry had several letters from Mr. Lee. He thought his handwriting had changed, or that he was writing larger for him because he was a child; but he could always read Michael's writing, he said, and was rather affronted. Then he did not hear for a long time, and at last he received a few lines, telling him he had been ill, and that Harry must not think he had forgotten him if he did not hear, for the doctor forbade his writing; it hurt his eyes.

And then came several months, and Harry never heard, and he wanted to know so much how Michael was. His cough had never left him, and they were still at Beaumaris. He used to sit on the beach for hours, or go in a boat when it was fine; sometimes row up past the Menai Bridge to the little fishing island, and land there to see all the sea wonders that are to be found on it; the sea anemones in countless numbers, of every color, hanging on the rough walls under the long masses of seaweed; the scarlet star-fish; the great purple one, and fish, especially the little whitebait, looking like a sheet of silver, as they glided along at low water in the weir. Sometimes they went in the other direction towards Puffin Island, but only on warm, dry days. Mrs. Parker's sweet face looked very anxious now, and Katherine was more gentle and loving to her little brother far than formerly.

One day, in the middle of September, Harry came sooner from the beach than usual, through the little garden, into the house, and hiding his face on his mother's knee, he sobbed out, "I've seen Michael, and he's quite blind."

By degrees he told his tale.

"I was on the beach, mother; I was at that shell-stall; I wanted a Venus's ear, when all of a sudden I saw Michael come out of the hotel. I was sure it was he, and Simpson—you remember Mr. Simpson, the butler with him; and Simpson helped him down the steps, and I could not believe it was Michael hardly, but I left the shells and went to meet him, and when I got nearer I saw it *was* Michael; so I ran up to him, and his eyes were open; but when I had got hold of his hand he did not look at me, only said, 'Oh, Harry, my boy, how are you—are you better?' And I said, 'My cough is not very bobbish; but oh, Michael, what is Simpson doing walking with you?' And then he smiled very quietly, and held my hands, and said, 'Simpson shall go now, and you will take care of a poor blind man.' And I said, 'Oh, Michael, you're not blind; your eyes are quite open, and you must wear spectacles; but I hope you won't look like old Matthew at home.' It was very foolish of me, but I did not like to believe it; and he shook his head, and drew my hand through his arm, and said, 'Now we can take a walk near the sea, and talk about it;' and so we walked a little, and he said he could not write, and he wanted to hear about me, and the doctor said the sea-side would do him good, and so he came here last night. He is at the hotel, the Bulkeley Arms, and he thought I was sure to come on the beach and would see him, and I saw him as he was coming down the steps, so I was not long about that. But he is blind, quite blind, mother, and I am to lead him about: he says he likes to have me better than Simpson, mother. I wanted him to come here now with me, but he did not like to come until I had told you, he said."

Katherine was sitting by the window. She was looking at the hills on the opposite shore, with all the lights and shadows flitting over them. How beautiful they are! She did not see them; and the sands stretching out so far, looking as if you might walk across into Carnarvonshire; and the green sparkling water so smooth and still. She saw nothing of all this now. She did not say a word whilst Harry was speaking, but she did something else, very quietly, and thought no one saw her—she was mistaken.

Mr. Lee came with Harry in the afternoon; he was quieter and graver than before, and Harry was always with him whenever it was warm enough for him to be out of doors; and Michael Lee would come and sit with him when the weather prevented the boy leaving the house. Simpson brought him to the garden-gate, and then he was able to walk up the little garden by himself. Sometimes Mrs. Parker walked with him, and a few times Katherine had helped him, but her hand always trembled as it rested on his arm, and he would try and grope about by himself rather than ask her; and then Harry called her stupid for not offering.

It was the 25th of October, a very wild day. Harry was not so well, lying on the couch, looking out of the window, watching the thick muddy waves rolling in angrily one after the other. The ferry-boat was not crossing, it was so very rough. Something was coming, the boatman said, as they smoked their pipes and looked out to sea. It was worse by the evening; how the wind howled; and the tide was in, every now and then dashing over the sea-wall into the road. Harry lay watching the angry waves; he had never seen the Straits so rough before. Michael could not see it, but he heard the roaring of the waters, and he hummed the line—

And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and
brown.

"It will be a terrible night, Harry, I fear," he said.

"It will indeed, Michael; I was thinking you would scarcely get back to the hotel."

So these two sat watching and listening to the storm that evening, and at last Harry said:

"Michael, I have been thinking of such a good plan."

And Michael said—

"Have you, my boy, what about?"

And Harry said—

"About you, Michael. I know you don't like having Simpson with you always; and, you see, I'm not strong enough to read a great deal, or go out when it's not fine; they think I'm made of sugar or salt, or something, and that I shall melt; and I've been thinking if you had a wife, it would be much better. I thought Katie would do so nicely, and then, when you go back to Oldcourt, she or I would always be with you. If mother wanted her, you could fall back on me; and she reads ever so long without getting tired, and writes so fast, too. Do you think it a good plan, Michael?"

"My dear Harry," the quiet voice said, and then stopped.

"Oh, what a monster! It's bigger than any yet! There, it's broke over the pier, I declare; such a wave, Michael, you never saw. Well, but what do you think about Katie?"

"I think, Harry, for once you have forgotten I am blind," Michael Lee answered.

"No, I have not, Michael; that's the very thing made me think you ought to have a wife. If you weren't, there's no reason for it. You could fish and shoot, and ride, and read and write, and do everything yourself, and she might be in the way and want you for something just when you had got your gun, perhaps; I think you'd find her so useful now, that's what put it into my head."

"Harry, I thought of it a long time ago, when I was not blind, and she would not be my wife even then. I am glad of it now, Harry, for her sake." But the deep low voice had no gladness in it.

Up started the boy from the couch.

"Oh, Michael, you don't really mean you ever asked Katie to be your wife before?"

"Yes, Harry, I do mean even that."

"And Katie said she would not like to be, Michael?"

"Yes, Harry."

"What a shame! Oh, Michael, it makes me almost wish I'd been a girl myself. I'm sure *I* should have liked it very much." He threw himself back on the couch and coughed. Michael could not see how his color went and came. So neither of them spoke, and when he had done coughing he rested a little; then he said, "I might have been strong enough for a girl, perhaps, there's not much in them ever, though Katie's much stronger than I am. She's a great deal older, that's one thing. I wonder if I shall ever be as old as Katie; she's nearly out of her teens now. Do you know, Michael, sometimes I think I never shall. You can't see me now, or you would know how thin I have grown—a regular scarecrow. I'm a great deal taller, but my hands are so thin, my fingers look so long, and they're so white compared to other boys' I see on the beach. Some of the boys from the grammar-school I often watch playing cricket by the castle, and such nice brown hands they've got, I'm quite ashamed of mine. It's not manly to have such white hands. Do you think I shall ever be a man, Michael?"

Michael felt for the boy's hand, and stroked it in his own. He knew it was very thin and soft, though he could not see how white it was. He stroked it a few moments, and then said:

"Harry, my boy, if you never are, remember there is a better Land than this, where you will be strong, and I shall see again: we must both think of that, Harry, and be patient; it is hard work often, is it not?"

"Very; and sometimes I'm so cross when I can't sleep, Michael. I know what you mean. You think I shall never get any better; you mean my cough will go on getting worse, and I shall get thinner and thinner, and weaker and weaker, and then I shall die. I hope I shall go to Heaven, Michael. I don't think I have done anything very wicked; you know I've not been at school much among other boys, so it's not been so difficult. I remember, though, I helped to drown some puppies once. I could not help watching Thomas do it, and then I remember I held one under the water, when I saw it put up its poor little head. I can't think what made me, and afterwards I remember poor old Flo came and smelt my hands and licked them, and I felt so sorry then. Well, Michael, I'll try and be patient, and not be cross any more, and if I die when I'm a boy, you'll be sure to know me when *you* come, Michael; and if I were to live to be a man, you might not, you know, Michael; I should have changed so, and it's eighteen months now since you saw me, Michael. But I want to ask you about Katie again. Did she mean she did not like you?"

"Not like me well enough, Harry, she meant."

"'Pon my word, Michael, then I think she's changed her mind, and I'll tell you why. When I came back the first day I met you and told her and mother you were blind, she never spoke, certainly, but she cried; I saw her, and often I see her eyes full of tears after you've been here."

"Yes; she is sorry for me, Harry, that is all."

"I don't think it *is* all, Michael. Mother's *very* sorry for you, but *she* doesn't cry. Here come three more schooners going to anchor round the Point; there's a regular fleet of them."

The door opened; how the wind howled! It was Katherine, bringing Harry's medicine. She put it down on the little table by him, and smoothed his hair and kissed his forehead.

"Such a storm, Harry, coming on!"

Harry pulled her down close to him, and whispered something. Michael could not hear all; but his own name he heard several times. Then Katherine stood upright, and said—

"Hush, Harry; will you take your medicine?"

And Michael heard her voice tremble.

"No, I won't take it, Katie, till you answer my question; and my cough's been very bad this evening, so I ought to have it at once. Michael says, you said you'd rather not be his wife, and I want to know if you'd rather not now, or if you've changed your mind about it."

"Harry, no more of this, or I shall go back to Oldcourt," said the quiet, calm voice, not quiet or calm now.

"He is too young to know all he is saying; forgive him," he added.

"Oh, Michael, don't be angry with me; but indeed she's quite crimson, and the tears in her eyes; and if you would only just ask her yourself, you would see. Dear Michael, you know I shall never live to be a man; and after I've got thinner and thinner, and weaker and weaker, you'll have no one to take any care of you, and I feel so sure Katie would like it now, though she didn't then."

"Harry, I told you your sister was very sorry for me, nothing more."

"Sorry! she was very sorry when the cat died. I don't mean that. I can see her face, and you can't. How stupid you are, Michael! Oh, Katie, you know he doesn't like asking you now he's blind; and, if I were you, I would just put my arms round his neck, and tell him I should like it *so* much, without his asking me."

"No, Harry, you could not, if you were me," said Katherine, and her voice was more than trembling now, it was sobbing.

She was a prisoner; Harry had tight hold of her hand; and when he talked of growing weaker and weaker, and thinner and thinner, she had knelt beside him, between his couch and Michael Lee; and the blind man knew by her voice she was kneeling down, and he stretched out his hand, and it rested on her small head and bright glossy hair. Katherine was not pretty; but she was tall and slight, with a small head set on her throat like a queen, and quantities of bright glossy hair twisted round and round. He, Michael Lee, put his hand on it, and said:

"Katherine," and that was all; and she did not answer at first, only he felt her turn from Harry's couch more towards him, and then she said, softly—

"Can't you see me the least bit, Michael?"

And he said,

"No, Katherine; I would give all I have in the world to look in your face now, darling."

And then Harry said—

"I'll tell you, Michael, what she looks like, and don't give Oldcourt and Frisky and all away for nothing but that. She's not so red as she was, but she's crying. Oh, now she's hid her face, and I can't tell you what she's like."

She had hidden her face, but it was hidden on Michael Lee's other hand, and he felt her hot tears on it, and he said—

"Katherine, if you stay one moment longer, I shall believe what Harry told me."

She did not move. He stroked the bright, glossy hair, and then passed his arm round her and drew her closer to him, and said something in such a whisper that Harry could not hear; and Harry rubbed his hands and said—

"Hurrah! I suppose I'd better take my medicine now, for I believe Katie's quite forgotten it."

So she rose and gave it him with one hand, for Michael had the other; and Harry drank it, made a face, and said—

"I shan't be satisfied till you have put your arms round his neck and told him you are very sorry for ever having said you would not like it; it was such a shame!"

So she knelt down again, and did put her arms round his neck (not Harry's,) and said something, too, which Harry could not hear; and Michael Lee stretched out one arm to Harry, and with the other gathered her up quite close to him, and said—

"I pray God you may never repent, my Katherine. And Harry, my boy, you can see her face, and I cannot, as you said just now; and if ever you see her cry, or look unhappy, I trust to you to tell me and help me to find it out. Darling, if ever woman was loved, you are, my Katherine; for now, with this black sheet before me, which makes even your dear face as dark as night, I would not give you up, even to see the blessed light of Heaven and the green earth again. I would rather be blind with you, than see without you, Katherine."

She did not answer, but she lifted up her face to his and kissed it; and Harry brought his white, thin face and rested it on Michael's shoulder, and said:

"Michael, I wish I could make my eyes over to you. There's the fishing at Oldcourt, splendid fishing, and you'll never be able to fish without them. I would, if I could, Michael, for all my happiest days you've given me. And as to Katie, I hope you'll like her much better than Simpson; and if she isn't happy, it's her own fault, that's certain. Fancy not being happy at Oldcourt! And I daresay you'll give her a bigger pony; she can't have a *better* than Frisky, but she's too tall for him, and you'll always let him run in the park, won't you, Michael, when he gets old?—Never sell him for a donkey cart. It would break his heart, I know it would, Michael. He'd pull it; he'd pull anything; but I'm certain it would break his heart."

And Michael Lee promised Frisky should always be cared for as if he were the best hunter in the land; and the little white face looked up lovingly into the poor blind eyes, and then went on to say:

"I think it was so very *rum* of Katie ever thinking she would not like it! Don't you, Michael?"

And they both laughed and kissed him, and then the boy said he must go and tell his mother, for it was all his doing, every bit. And that evening, after tea, they all sat by Harry's couch, all the time the big waves were breaking on those cold gray stones, just across the island.

M. E. G.

THE INVOCATION.

BY KINGSWOOD CLARE.

Kiss me under the starlit sky!
None are abroad but thou and I;
The birds are sleeping, the air is still,
Only our whispers the young buds thrill.
We can see, not feel, the gossamer threads,
We guess at the rose by the sweets it sheds;
The laurel rustles as we pass by;
Kiss me under the starlit sky!

Kiss me under the clematis bough!
None are abroad to see us now;
Dearly I love each graceful spray,
For it calls back thoughts of the happy day
When first I saw thee, so gay and fair,
With its pale stars wreathed in thy clustering hair.
The blossoms fall on my fevered brow—
Kiss me under the clematis bough!

Kiss me under the greenhouse eaves!
There's a faint, rich smell from the stifled leaves;
Little care I for the brilliant bloom
That must waste its glow in a crystal tomb;
Give me an English girl for wife,
Not too high for this daily life,
Whom a kind word gladdens, a harsh one grieves;
Kiss me under the greenhouse eaves!

Kiss me again at the threshold floor!
We enter the world at this open door;
Friends will come round thee and claim thy smile,
And I must share thy dear looks awhile;
Would that the day were already come
When I should carry my young bride home!
Then we shall enter to part no more;
Kiss me, love, at the threshold floor!

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &C.

CHAPTER XXV.

ACCEPTED.

When a man sets his happiness in the balance, he is apt to be contented with a very slight turning of the scale. He is not likely to be critical as to the wording of the verdict which gives him the prize he has asked for.

Mr. Gilbert Monckton had no contemptible opinion of his own judgment and deliberation, his perceptive faculties and powers of reasoning; but as blindly as *Macbeth* accepted the promises of the oracular voices in the witches' cave, so did this grave and eminent lawyer receive those few cold words in which Eleanor Vane consented to be his wife.

Not that he refrained from reflecting upon the girl's manner of accepting his offer. He did not reflect upon it; and proved to himself, by unerring logic, that she could scarcely have spoken in any other way. There were a thousand reasons why she should have employed those very words, and pronounced them in that very tone. Maidenly modesty, innocent surprise, inexperience, girlish timidity:—he ran over a whole catalogue of causes, naming every possible cause, save one, and that one was the thing he had most dreaded—indifference, or even repugnance to himself. He looked into her face. His professional career had given him the faculty of putting together the evidences of smiles and frowns, involuntary contractions of the eyebrows, scarcely perceptible compressions of the lips, every tone and semitone in the facial diapason. He looked at Eleanor Vane's face, and said to himself:

"This girl *cannot* be mercenary. She is as pure as an angel; as unselfish as Jephtha's daughter; as brave as Judith, or Joan of Arc. She *cannot* be anything but a good wife. The man who wins her has reason to thank God for His bounty."

It was with such thoughts as these that the lawyer received the feminine decision which was to influence his future life. He bent over the girl's fair head—tall as she was, her face was only on a level with Gilbert Monckton's shoulder—and pressed his lips to her forehead, solemnly, almost as if setting a seal upon his own.

"My darling," he said, in a low voice, "my darling, you have made me very happy; I dare not tell you how much I love you. I struggled against my love, Eleanor. I once meant to have kept the secret till I went down to my grave. I think I could have kept silence so long as you remained within my reach, protected and sheltered by people whom I could trust, happy in the bright years of your innocent girlhood. But when you left Hazlewood, when you went out into the world, my courage failed. I wanted to give you my love as a shield and a defence. Better that I should be deceived, I thought; better that I should be miserable, than that she should be undefended."

Eleanor Vane listened to the lawyer's happy talk. He could have talked to her for ever, now that the ice was broken, and the important step—so long considered, so long avoided—actually taken. It seemed as if his youth came back to him, bestowed by some miraculous power; invisible, but most palpably present in that shabby Bloomsbury dwelling. His youth came back; the intellectual cobwebs of twenty years were swept away by one stroke of some benevolent witch's broomstick. Cherished prejudices, fondly nursed doubts and suspicions, were blotted out of his mind, leaving the tablet fair and bright as it had been before the coming of that shadow which had darkened so much of this man's life. Sudden almost as the conversion of Saul, was this transformation of the misanthropical solicitor under the master influence of a true and pure affection.

For twenty years he had sneered at women, and at men's belief in them; and now, at the end of twenty years, he believed; and, escaping out of the prison which he had made for himself, he spread his recovered wings and was free.

A sigh escaped from Eleanor's lips as she listened to her lover. The time in which she could have hoped to pay him back all this great debt which he was heaping upon her, was past and gone. She felt a sense of oppression beneath the load of this obligation. She began to perceive—as yet only dimly, so intense was the egotism engendered out of the single purpose of her life—that she was binding herself to something that she might not be able to perform; she was taking upon herself a debt that she could scarcely hope to pay. For a moment she thought this, and was ready, under this new impulse, to draw back and say, "I cannot become your wife; I am too much tied and bound by the obligations of the past, to be able to fulfill the duties of the present. I am set apart from other women, and must stand alone until the task I have set myself is accomplished, or the hope of its fulfillment abandoned."

She thought this, and the words trembled on her lips; but in the next moment the image of her father arose angry and reproachful, as if to say to her, "Have you so little memory of my wrongs and my sorrows that you can shrink from any means of avenging me?"

This idea banished every other consideration.

"I will keep my promise first, and do my duty to Gilbert Monckton afterwards," thought Eleanor. "It will be easy to be a good wife to him. I used to like him very much."

She recalled the old days in which she had sat a little way apart from the lawyer and his ward, envying Laura Mason her apparent influence over Mr. Monckton; and for a moment a faint thrill of pleasure and triumph vibrated through her veins as she remembered that henceforth her claim upon him would be higher than that of any other living creature. He would be her own—her lover, her husband—adviser, friend, instructor; everything in the wide world to her."

"Oh, let me avenge my father's cruel death," she thought, "and then I may be a good and happy wife."

Mr. Monckton could have stood for ever by the side of his betrothed wife in the sunny window looking out upon the mews. The prospect of a few stable doors, lounging grooms smoking and drinking in the intervals of their labor, scantily draperied women hanging out newly-washed linen, and making as it were triumphal arches of wet garments across the narrow thoroughfare, the children playing hopscotch, or called away from that absorbing diversion to fetch damp steaming quartern loaves and jugs of beer for their elders—all these things were beautiful in the eyes of the owner of Tolldale Priory. An overplus of that sunshine which filled his breast glorified these common objects, and Mr. Monckton gazed upon the angular proportions of the bony Roman-nosed horses, the classic outlines of decrepit Hansom cabs, and all the other objects peculiar to the neighborhood of the Pilasters, with such a radiance of contentment and delight upon his face as might have induced the observer, looking at his face and *not* at the prospect, to believe that the bay of Naples was spread out in purple splendor under the open window of Miss Vane's sitting-room.

Signora Picirillo returned from her day's labors, and found the lawyer thus absorbed; but he understood directly who she was, and greeted her with a cordiality that very much astonished the music-mistress. Eleanor Vane slipped out of the room while Mr. Monckton was explaining himself to the Signora. She was only too glad to get away from the man to whom she had so rashly bound herself. She went to the glass to brush her hair away from her hot forehead, and then threw herself on the bed, prostrated by all the excitement she had undergone, powerless even to think.

"I almost wish I could lie here for ever," she thought; "it seems so like peace to lie still and leave off thinking." Her youth had held out bravely against the burdens she had put upon her strength and spirits, but the young energies had given way at last, and she fell into a heavy dreamless slumber; a blessed and renovating sleep from which nature takes compensation for the wrongs that have been done her.

Gilbert Monckton told his story very briefly and simply. He had no occasion to say much himself, for Eleanor had written a great deal about him in her letters to the Signora, and had often talked of him during her one holiday at the Pilasters.

Eliza Picirillo was too entirely unselfish to feel otherwise than pleased at the idea that Eleanor Vane had won the love of a good man whose position in life would remove her from every danger and from every trial; but, mingled with this unselfish delight, there was a painful recollection. The music-mistress had fathomed her nephew's secret, and she felt that Eleanor's marriage would be a sad blow to Richard Thornton.

"I don't believe poor Dick ever hoped to win her love," Signora Picirillo thought; "but if he could have gone on loving her and admiring her, and associating with her, in a frank brotherly way, he might have been happy. Perhaps it's better as it is, though; perhaps that very uncertainty might have blighted his life and shut him out from some possible happiness."

"As my dear girl is an orphan," Gilbert Monckton said, "I feel that you, Madame Picirillo, are the only person I need consult. I have heard from Eleanor how much she owes you; and believe me that when I ask her to become my wife, I do not wish her to be less your adopted daughter. She has told me that in the greatest miseries of her life, you were as true a friend to her as her own mother could have been. She has never told me what those miseries were, but I trust her so fully that I do not care to torment her with questions about a past which she tells me was sorrowful."

Eliza Picirillo's eyelids fell under the earnest gaze of the lawyer; she remembered the deception that had been practised upon Mrs. Darrell in deference to the pride of Eleanor's half-sister.

"This Mr. Monckton must know Nelly's story before he marries her," thought the straightforward Signora. She explained this to Eleanor the next morning when the girl rose, invigorated by a long sleep, and inspired by a desperate hopefulness—the hope of avenging her father's wrongs speedily.

For some time Miss Vane passionately combatted the Signora's arguments. Why should she tell Gilbert Monckton her real name? she demanded. She wished to keep it a secret from Mr. de Crespigny; from the people at Hazlewood. She must keep it a secret, she said.

But little by little Eliza Picirillo overcame this determination. She explained to the passionate girl that if her marriage was to be legally unassailable, she must be married in her true name. She explained this; and she said a great deal about the moral wrong which would be done if Eleanor persisted in deceiving her future husband.

The marriage was pushed on with terrible haste, as it seemed to Richard Thornton and the Signora; but even the brief delay that occurred between Gilbert Monckton's declaration of his love and the day fixed for the wedding was almost intolerable to Eleanor. The all-important step which was to make her the lawyer's wife seemed nothing to her. She ignored this great crisis of her life altogether, in her desire to return to Hazlewood, to discover and denounce Launcelot Darrell's treachery before Maurice de Crespigny's death.

There were preparations to be made, and a trousseau to be provided. It was a very simple trousseau, fitted for the bride of some young curate with seventy pounds a year, than for the lady who was to be mistress of Tolldale Priory. Eleanor took no interest in the pretty girlish dresses, pale and delicate in color, simple and inexpensive in texture and fashion, which the Signora chose for her protegee. There was a settlement to be drawn up also; for Gilbert Monckton insisted upon treating his betrothed as generously as if she had been a woman of distinction, with an aristocratic father to bargain and diplomatise for her welfare; but Eleanor was as indifferent to the settlement as about the trousseau, and could scarcely be made to understand that, on and after her wedding-day, she would be the exclusive possessor of a small landed estate worth three hundred a year.

Once, and once only, she thanked Gilbert Monckton for his generosity; and this was when, for the first time, the thought flashed into her mind, that this three hundred a year, to which she was so indifferent, would enable her to place Eliza Picirillo in a position of independence.

"Dear Signora," she cried, "you shall never work after I am married. How good it is of you to give me this money, Mr. Monckton," she added, her eyes filling with sudden tears; "I will try to deserve your goodness, I will, indeed."

It was upon the evening on which Eleanor spoke these few grateful and earnest words to her betrothed husband, that the revelation of her secret was made.

"I am going to Doctors' Commons tomorrow morning, Signora," the lawyer said, as he rose to leave the little sitting-room,—he had spent his evenings in the Pilasters during his brief courtship, perfectly at home, and unspeakably happy in that shabby and Bohemian colony. "Eleanor and I have determined that our marriage is to take place at St. George's, Bloomsbury. A very quiet wedding. My two partners, yourself, and Mr. Thornton, are to be the only witnesses. The Berkshire people will be surprised when I take my young wife back to Tolldale."

He was going away, when the Signora laid her hand on Eleanor's shoulder.

"You must tell him to-night, Nelly," she whispered; "he must not be allowed to take out the license in a false name."

The girl bent her head.

"I will do as you wish, Signora," she said.

Five minutes afterwards, when Gilbert Monckton gave Eleanor his hand, she said, quietly:

"Do not say good-night yet. I will come down stairs with you, I have something to say to you."

She went down the narrow staircase, and out into the colonnade with Mr. Monckton. It was ten o'clock; the shops were closed, and the public-house was quiet. Under the August moonlight the shabby tenements looked less common-place, the dilapidated wooden colonnade was almost picturesque. Miss Vane stood with her face turned frankly towards her lover, her figure resting slightly against one of the slender pillars before the shoemaker's emporium.

"What is it that you want to tell me, Eleanor, dearest?" Mr. Monckton asked, as she paused, looking half-doubtfully in his face, as if uncertain what she should say to him.

"I want to tell you that I have done very wrong—I have deceived you."

"Deceived me! Eleanor! Eleanor!"

She saw the lawyer's face turn pale under the moonlight. That word deception had such a terrible meaning to him.

"Yes, I have deceived you. I have kept a secret from you, and I can only tell it to you now upon one condition."

"Upon what condition?"

"That you do not tell it to Mr. de Crespigny, or to Mrs. Darrell, until you have my permission to do so."

Gilbert Monckton smiled. His sudden fears fled away before the truthfulness of the girl's voice, the earnestness of her manner.

"Not tell Mr. de Crespigny, or Mrs. Darrell?" he said, "of course not, my dear. Why should I tell them anything which concerns you, and that you wish me to keep from them?"

"You promise, then?"

"Most certainly."

"You give me your solemn promise that you will not tell Mr. de Crespigny, or any member of his family, the secret which I am going to confide to you; under no circumstances whatever, will you be tempted to break that promise!"

"Why, Nelly," cried Mr. Monckton, "you are as serious as if you were administering some terrible oath to the neophyte in a political society. I shall not break my promise, my dear, believe me. My profession has accustomed me to keeping secrets. What is it, Eleanor; what is this tremendous mystery?"

Miss Vane lifted her eyes and looked full in her lover's face, upon the watch for any change of expression that might indicate displeasure or contempt. She was very fearful of losing the lawyer's confidence and esteem.

"When I went to Hazlewood," she said, "I went in a false name, not at my own wish, but to please my sister, who did not want Mrs. Darrell to know that any member of her family could be in a dependent position. My name is not Vincent. I am Eleanor Vane, the daughter of Mr. de Crespigny's old friend."

Gilbert Monckton's astonishment was unbounded. He had heard George Vane's history from Mrs. Darrell, but he had never heard of the birth of the old man's youngest daughter.

"Eleanor Vane," he said, "then Mrs. Bannister is your sister."

"She is my half-sister, and it was at her wish that I went to Hazlewood under a false name. You are not angry with me for having done so, are you?"

"Angry with you? No, my dear, the deception was harmless enough; though it was a piece of foolish pride upon your sister's part. My Eleanor was in no way degraded by having to turn her accomplishments to use and profit. My poor, self-reliant girl," he added, tenderly, "going out into the world with a secret to keep. But why do you wish this secret to be still preserved, Eleanor; you are not ashamed of your father's name?"

"Ashamed of his name? Oh, no, no!"

"Why keep your real name a secret, then?"

"I can't tell you why. But you'll keep your promise. You are too honorable to break your promise."

Mr. Monckton looked wonderingly at the girl's earnest face.

"No, my dear, I won't break my promise," he said. "But I can't understand your anxiety for this concealment. However, we will say nothing more about it, Nelly," he added, as if in reply to an appealing look from Miss Vane; "your name will be Monckton when you go back to Berkshire; and nobody will dare to question your right to that name."

The lawyer put his lips to the girl's forehead, and bade her good-night upon the threshold of the shoemaker's door.

"God bless you, my own darling!" he said, in a very low voice, "and preserve our faith in each other. There must be no secrets between you and me, Nelly."

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN INSIDIOUS DEMON.

On a bright September morning a hired carriage took Miss Vane and her friends to the quiet old church in Hart Street, Bloomsbury. There was a little crowd assembled about the door of the shoemaker's dwelling, and sympathetic spectators were scattered here and there in the mews, for a marriage is one of those things which the cleverest people can never contrive to keep a secret.

Miss Eleanor Vane's pale lavender-colored silk dress, black mantle, and simple white bonnet did not form the established costume of a bride, but the young lady looked so very beautiful in her girlish dress and virginal innocence, that more than one of the lounging grooms who came out of the stables to see her go by to her hired carriage, confidentially remarked to an acquaintance that he only wished he could get such a young woman for his missus.

Richard Thornton was not in attendance upon the fair young bride. There was a scene to be painted for Spavin and Cronshaw upon that particular day which was more important than any scene Dick had ever painted before. So the young man set out early upon that September bridal morning, after saluting Eleanor Vane in the most tender and brotherly fashion: but I am sorry to say that instead of going straight to the Royal Phœnix Theatre, Mr. Thornton walked with a slow and listless gait across Westminster Bridge, then plunged with a sudden and almost ferocious impetus into the remotest intricacies of Lambeth, scowling darkly at the street boys who came in his way, skirting the Archbishop's palace, glowering at the desolation of Vauxhall, and hurrying far away into the solitudes of Battersea-fields, where he spent the better part of the afternoon in the dreary parlor of an obscure public-house, drinking adulterated beer and smoking bad tobacco.

The Signora wore a rustling black silk dress—Eleanor's present of the previous Christmas—in honor of her protege's wedding; but Eliza Picirillo's heart was sadly divided upon this quite bridal day, half rejoicing in Miss Vane's fortune and advancement, half sorrowful for poor desolate Dick, wandering away among the swamps by the waterside.

Mr. Monckton and his two partners were waiting for the bride in the portico of the church. The senior partner, an old man with white hair, was to give Eleanor away, and paid her many appropriate though rather obsolete compliments upon the occasion. Perhaps it was now for the first time that Miss Vane began to regard the step she was about to take as one of a somewhat serious and indeed awful nature; perhaps it was now for the first time that she began to think she had committed a sin in accepting Gilbert Monckton's love so lightly.

"If he knew that I did not promise to marry him because I loved him, but because I wanted to get back to Hazlewood," she thought.

But presently the grave shadows passed away from her face, and a faint blush rose to her cheek and brow.

"I will love him by-and-by, when I have avenged my father's death," she thought.

Some such thought as this was in her mind when she took her place beside Gilbert Monckton at the altar.

The autumn sunshine streamed in upon them through the great windows of the church, and wrapped them in yellow light, like the figures of Joseph and Mary in an old picture. The bride and bridegroom looked very handsome standing side by side in this yellow sunshine. Gilbert Monckton's twenty years' seniority only dignified and exalted him, investing the holy marriage promise of love and protection with a greater solemnity than it could have had when spoken by a stripling of one or two and twenty.

Everything seemed auspicious upon this wedding morning. The lawyer's partners were in the highest spirits, the beadle and pew-opener were elevated by the idea of prospective donations. The Signora wept quietly while the marriage service was being read, picturing to herself her nephew Richard, smoking and drinking desperately in his desolate painting-room; but when the ceremony was over the good music-mistress dried her tears, banishing all traces of sorrow before she kissed and complimented the bride.

"You are to come and see us at the Priory, dear Signora," Eleanor said, as she clung about her friend before leaving the vestry; "Gilbert says so, you know."

Her voice faltered a little, and she glanced shyly at her husband as she spoke of him by his Christian name. It seemed as if she had no right to allude so familiarly to Mr. Monckton, of Tolldale Priory. And presently Eliza Picirillo stood alone—or attended only by the beadle, obsequiously attentive in proportion to the liberality of the donation he had just received—under the portico of the Bloomsbury church, watching the lawyer's carriage drive away towards the Great Northern railway station. Mr.

Monckton, in the absence of any preference upon Eleanor's part, had chosen a quiet Yorkshire watering-place as the scene of his honeymoon.

Signora Picirillo sighed as she went down the steps before the church, and took her seat in the hired vehicle that was to take her back to the Pilasters.

"So Bloomsbury has seen the last of Eleanor," she thought, sadly; "we may go down to see her, perhaps, in her grand new house, but she will never come back to us. She will never wash the tea-things and make tea and toast again for a tired-out old music-mistress."

The low gleams of red and orange in the last sunset of September sank behind the gray line of the German Ocean, after the closing day of Gilbert Monckton's honeymoon. Upon the first of October the lawyer was to take his young wife to Tolldale Priory. Mr. and Mrs. Monckton walked upon the broad sands as that low orange light faded out of the western sky. The lawyer was grave and silent, and every now and then cast a furtive glance at his companion's face. Sometimes that glance was succeeded by a sigh.

Eleanor was paler and more careworn than she had looked since the day after her visit to the shipbroker's office. The quiet and seclusion of the place to which Gilbert Monckton had brought his bride had given her ample opportunity of brooding on the one idea of her life. Had he plunged her into a vortex of gayety, it is possible that she might have been true to that deep-rooted purpose which she had so long nursed in her breast; but, on the other hand, there would have been some hope that the delights of change and novelty, delights to which youth cannot be indifferent—might have beguiled the bride from that for-ever-recurring train of thought which separated her from her husband as effectually as if an ocean had rolled between them.

Yes, Gilbert Monckton had discovered the fatal truth that marriage is not always union, and that the holiest words that were ever spoken cannot weave the mystic web which makes two souls indissolubly one, if there be one inharmonious thread in the magical fabric. Gilbert Monckton felt this, and knew that there was some dissonant note in the chord which should have been such a melodious unison.

Again and again, while talking to his wife, carried away, perhaps, by the theme of which, he was speaking, counting on her sympathy as a certainty, he had looked into Eleanor's face, and seen that her thoughts had wandered far away from him and his conversation, into some unknown region. He had no clue by which he could follow those wanderings; no chance word ever fell from his wife's lips which might serve as the traitor silk that guided ruthless Eleanor to Rosamond's hiding-place. So thus, before the honeymoon was over, Gilbert Monckton began to be jealous of his bride, thereby fostering for himself a nest of scorpions, or a very quarry of young vultures, which were henceforth to make their meals off his entrails.

But it was not the ferocious or Othello-like jealousy. The green-eyed monster did not appear under his more rugged and uncivilized form, finding a vent for his passions in pillows, poison, and poniards. The monster disguised himself as a smooth and philosophical demon. He hid his diabolical attributes under the gravity and wisdom of a friendly sage. In other words, Gilbert Monckton, feeling disappointed at the result of his marriage, set himself to reason upon the fact, and was for ever torturing himself with silent arguments and mute conjectures as to the cause of that indescribable something in his young wife's manner which told him there was no perfect union between them. The lawyer reproached himself for his weak folly in having built a fairy palace of hope upon the barren fact of Eleanor's acceptance of his hand. Did not girls, situated as George Vane's daughter had been situated, marry for money, again and again, in these mercenary days? Who should know this better than Gilbert Monckton the solicitor, who had drawn up so many marriage settlements, been concerned in so many divorces, and assisted at so many matrimonial bargains, whose sordid motives were as undisguised as in any sale of cattle transacted in the purlieus of Smithfield? Who should know better than he, that beautiful and innocent girls every day bartered their beauty and innocence for certain considerations set down by grave lawyers, and engrossed upon sheets of parchment at so much per sheet?

He did know this, and in his mad arrogance he had said to himself, "I—amongst all other men—will be an exception to the common rule. The girl I marry is poor; but she will give herself to me for no meaner consideration than my love and my truth and my devotion; and those shall be hers until my dying day."

Gilbert Monckton had said this; and already a mocking demon had made a permanent perch for himself upon this wretched man's shoulders, for ever whispering insidious doubts into his ear, for ever instilling shadowy fears into his mind.

Eleanor had not seemed happy during those few honeymoon weeks. She had grown weary of the broad sands stretching far away, flat and desolate under the September sky, and weary of the everlasting and unbroken line that bounded that wide gray sea. This weariness she had displayed frankly enough; but she had not revealed its hidden source, which lay in her feverish impatience to go back to the neighborhood of Hazlewood, and to make the discovery she wished to make before Maurice de Crespigny's death.

She had sounded her husband upon the subject of the old man's health.

"Do you think Mr. de Crespigny will live long?" she asked, one day.

"Heaven knows, my dear," the lawyer answered carelessly. "He has been an invalid for nearly twenty years now, and he may go on being an invalid for twenty years more, perhaps. I fancy that his death will be very sudden whenever it does happen."

"And do you think that he will leave his money to Launcelot Darrell?"

Eleanor's face grew a little paler as she mentioned the young man's name. The invisible familiar perched upon Mr. Monckton's shoulder directed the lawyer's attention to that fact.

"I don't know. Why should you be interested in Mr. Darrell's welfare?"

"I am not interested in his welfare, I only asked you a question, Gilbert."

Even the malice of the familiar could take no objection to the tone in which Eleanor said this: and Mr. Monckton was ashamed of the passing twinge which Launcelot Darrell's name had caused him.

"I dare say De Crespigny will leave his money to young Darrell, my dear," he said, in a more cordial voice; "and though I have no very high opinion of the young man's character, I think he ought to have the fortune. The maiden ladies should have annuities, of course. Goodness knows they have fought hard enough for the prize."

"How can people act so contemptibly for the sake of money!" cried Eleanor, with sudden indignation.

The lawyer looked admiringly at her glowing face, which had crimsoned with the intensity of her feeling. She was thinking of her father's death, and of that hundred pounds which had been won from him on the night of his suicide.

"No," thought Mr. Monckton, "she cannot be mercenary. That bright, impulsive creature could never be guilty of any deliberate meanness,—and what could be a worse meanness than that of the woman who could marry a man out of sordid and mercenary motives, beguiling him by a simulated affection, and thereby compassing her own advancement?

"If I have won her heart, in its untainted freshness," thought Gilbert Monckton, "I must be content, though that girlish heart may seem cold. She will love me better by-and-by. She will learn to confide in me; she will learn to sympathize with me."

By such arguments as these Mr. Monckton endeavored to satisfy himself, and sometimes, indeed, succeeded in doing so,—that his young wife's absent and thoughtful manner was a matter of course; the thoughtfulness of a girl unused to her new position, and perhaps a little bewildered by its strangeness. But on the morning of the 1st of October, Gilbert Monckton perceived a change in Eleanor's manner, and on that morning the demon familiar took up a permanent station upon the lawyer's shoulder.

Mrs. Monckton was no longer grave and listless. A feverish impatience, a sudden flow of high spirits, seemed to have taken possession of her.

"You observe," whispered the familiar spirit, as Mr. Monckton sat opposite his wife in a compartment of the express train that was to take them to London, *en route* for Berkshire, "you observe the glow in her cheeks, the brightness of her eyes. You saw her turn pale the other day when she mentioned Launcelot Darrell's name. You know what the young man's mother told you. You can do the commonest sum in logical arithmetic, I suppose. You can put two and two together. Your wife has been wearied to death of the North, and the sea, and the sands, and *you*. She is in high spirits to-day, and it is very easy to account for the change in her manner. She is glad to go back to Berkshire—she is glad to go back there, because *she will see Launcelot Darrell.*"

Mr. Monckton, with a cambric handkerchief thrown over his face, kept a covert watch upon his wife from between its artfully-adjusted folds, and enjoyed such converse as this with the spirit he had chosen for his companion. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ They have a cheerful horse railroad at Hartford. One terminus is at the State Prison and the other at the Cemetery. One would prefer to be a way passenger rather than a through passenger.

☞ An officer and a lawyer were talking of a disastrous battle, the former was lamenting the number of brave soldiers who fell on the occasion; when the lawyer observed that "those who live by the sword must expect to die by the sword." "By a similar rule," replied the officer, "those who live by the law must expect to die by the law."

☞ A missionary, recently in London, was riding on the outside of a cab, and told the driver that he had been in China. Cabby was much interested, and promptly asked, "Are they a civilized like people about there, sir; do they take their gin of a morning?"

☞ Much Cry and little Wool—A baby.

A PHASE OF WOMAN'S WORK.

FIRST LOVE.

There is one work which women do for all but exceptional men, which is apt to be undervalued in after life. Of the mother's work and the wife's work, either from natural affection or conventional acquiescence, we speak seriously and gratefully; but the link which joined the two, and without which the mother's work would have been in a certain degree sterile, and the wife's could hardly have been wrought, we pass over with a notice which is half contemptuous, though seldom unkind.

Now, without exacting too serious a cast of countenance, rather inviting a smile, and not forbidding even a dash of banter, we would bid you just think what you owe to your first love. A good many very pleasurable hours, you will say, and perhaps as many which at the time seemed very wretched; the inspiration of a few rhymes which you would now think very silly, if you had not long since forgotten all about them; the expenditure of a vast amount of precious time upon a personal appearance which you have now got to think somewhat less important, and—well, very little else. Yes, dear sir, if you be human, very much else. Of course we are assuming that you did not marry your first love; if you did that, you are an exceptional, and, not improbably, a disappointed man, with whom we have nothing more to do. To another we say: To her you owe a very essential part of your education and development. Who was it that tided you over the horrible period of hobbydehoyhood, and landed you *homme fait*? Who expanded and trained all your schoolboy notions of gentlemanly bearing and honorable feeling? Who developed those delicate perceptions of fitness, those little niceties of appreciation, which, as a gentleman, you would not for the world be without? Assuredly your mother laid the foundation of them, and let us hope that your wife reaps the fruits of them; but your first love was the sun that expanded and gave them an impulse.

Those rhymes you used to write were very absurd, unless for the purpose which they fulfilled; they had no pretensions to be poetry, except as between you and her; but had you ever before, have you ever since, done so much with equal singleness of motive—have you ever felt devotion as real and as disinterested before or since? Perhaps you have—but has it been quite as fresh and unspotted? It may have been more vigorous and mature, it may have been quite as worthy, but has it been on the whole quite as beautiful?

This, however, has all passed away—not so its mark upon the character. You must be the better for having once tasted what was truly good; the more refined, for having once been pervaded by an influence so refining;—more delicate in your perceptions of what causes pain and pleasure to others, for having once had your own susceptibilities so healthily exercised, all unseared, as they then were, by contact with the world. Verily those hours were not wasted. Look back now, and try whether you cannot recollect having been conscious, with a sort of wonder, of the change that was being wrought in you. Can you not remember your own surprise and delight at the new and wonderously-expanded conception you suddenly gained of so much that was fresh, and beautiful, and noble?

Looking philosophically at all this, we shall almost be inclined to theorize upon "calf-love," as being a provision of nature for perfecting the development of one, and perhaps (but that we leave to feminine experience) both of the sexes.

We know that marriages which spring out of these first loves are rarely happy; we know, too, that in those cases where the man seems to have lived through his youth without a love, the married life is often as sorry a venture. Would it then be far wrong to say, that in the former case, the mischief has arisen from the perversion of what should have been a preparatory training, and in the latter from that training never having been gone through? The fact is, that the youth needs to undergo a variety of moulding and polishing processes; sundry sharp angles have to be rounded off—here a conceit and there an absurdity has to be pared away—this or that latent point of character has to be brought out or strengthened. And all this must be done while the creature's ways and tendencies are in a plastic state, before crabbed knots have formed themselves in his character, while he is still diffident, and still sensitive about feminine criticism. If he had been left to himself at this critical period, in vain thereafter may the poor wife toil to straighten out, and smooth, and polish, all that is gnarled, and rough, and uneven in his ways. Even worse off is the luckless girl who hastily marries an untutored lad in his first love. A woman will bear to be ruled, even with a rigid sceptre, but from a sway that is at once wayward and feeble, petulant and overwheening, imperious and childish, she infallibly revolts. She will begin by playing with it, go on to ridicule it, then to despise it, and finally she will either break away from it, or by a *coup d'etat* subvert it, and install her own dominion in its place. And of the two *denouements* we know not which will render her the more wretched.

Thus, although possibly we shall be incurring the contempt and ire of some very worthy young men and women by saying so, we are not indisposed to look upon first love as a sort of preparatory school for the matrimonial college. But we would not stop there, nor limit to this its scope and influence. Rather we almost reverence it, as that which gives tone and warmth to the outset of life; lighting up the heart with charity, and so fitting it to go forth into the cold, hard world before it. It is well that the lad's nature should first feel the influence of the principle of love; distrust and craft, coldness and ill will press about it soon enough. Let it first have a glimpse of at least the dream of what is noble, and beautiful, and pure, before it has to face the reality of baseness, and degradation, and deformity. Surely it will then the less easily become infidel as to the existence of good.

It would be a curious task to trace the first loves of great men. Who will write a book about them? Let him bring to the work a pure heart and a gentle nature—one apt to discern little half-concealed loveliness of soul. A woman could not do it. She would, indeed, be quick to appreciate niceties of feeling and emotion, but she would not grasp the subject:—first love is not to a woman what it is to a man. How of the first loves of the giants—of the men of iron will and unflinching nerve—of the cold, critical men of intellect—of those whose only after love was science, or state-craft, or poetry, or war:—or of the gentle, shy, yet noble natures whose inner life was the only one which they truly lived? Then the poor erring ones, the bad plotting ones, the dark-dealing ones, did they once come pure to worship purity, or did they soil and taint even those bright paths with their ill?

But we promised that you should not have to put on too grave a face if you would listen; let us laugh then, only let it not be cynically. You shall not ridicule the youth, for he is in earnest, and nothing that is honest and earnest is truly ridiculous. It must be confessed that he is *gauche;* but then, a while ago, he had not even awoke to the self-consciousness which is as yet his stumbling-block, but which will before long give place to modest self respect. To you he may appear insufferably stupid, because he is wholly absorbed in himself and her; but then he was before incapable of being absorbed in anything, he had hardly known a feeling so deep that half an hour among his comrades would not have sufficed to efface it. Nor are the time and energy all wasted. He is insensibly gaining tact and manner which no amount of study or exertion could procure him; and, if she be what true English maidens are wont to be, he will not dare to come before her a *faineant;* he will dream, but he will work too, and perhaps, as they say it is with the somnambulists, he will work harder in his dreams than when the awakening comes; the love throws a halo round the toil, and turns drudgery into a triumph.

In other ways she will be his good angel. With her he will not fear the bugbear of ridicule for an honest sense of religion. She will help him not to be ashamed to be reverent, and that requires no little courage in a youth. There are very few lads who, with the eyes of their companions upon them, will dare simply and humbly to kneel down and take a real part in an act of religious worship. Yet by her side it is done frankly and naturally enough; and somehow the higher blends with the human love—an ineffable link seems to join this on earth to that in heaven—the poetry of the one worship strangely mingles with that of the other, and testifies that both are pure, and—dare we say it?—in essence one.

It is not every girl that is fitted to be and to do all this. There are hundreds of well-looking young women who have never been first loves. Well, let them console themselves, they will perhaps the sooner be wives, for the qualifications of the wife and the ladye-love are by no means identical. There are girls who have served to train the aspirations, and to form the characters, of half-a-dozen young men in succession, who will yet probably die old maids. But, if it be so, they would not have been useless members of the social system. Some girls seem never to have a lover but of this class; they will begin at thirteen and go on to thirty-five, always with some youth under their training. We think no worse of them for it; there is very little guile about them. They are distinct from the race of mere flirts or coquettes; they are a much more estimable, though less brilliant set of lasses. Your trained belles will have nothing to say to overgrown boys, nor do the lads much affect them; they seldom choose a girl of deeply-marked character, almost never one of the strong-minded type. They rather cling to one of a gentle and somewhat lymphatic temperament, sufficiently romantic, but romantic, so to speak, in a vague and unpractical way; not absolutely bold, boldness jars with the refinement of first love; not too coy, that does not suit its timidity. Her own spring-dreams must not have been laid aside; she must have a touch of enthusiasm in her nature, and a still unshaken belief in the power and poetry of true love. She may have seen the last of her teens, and yet not have lost all this; it is strange how long certain minds retain this tone of feeling.—It comes to them in their spring-tide, and they preserve its dried semblance when its season is long past; they seem in a manner to conventionalize it, and so it lives on in them, not because it has much depth. Perhaps, on the contrary, it is because their impressions are so vague and shadowy, that they are so slowly dispelled, and so long in changing their cast; there is nothing tangible for sober experience and hard facts to sweep away or to transform. Again we repeat that we think so ill of this type of women; if they were not in the main guileless, they could not fulfill the part they do; we even go beyond this—yes, seriously, we honor them; if their sphere has not all the dignity of the matron's, it is one of very disinterested usefulness; if they are not in will, and consciously, self sacrificed to the work, they are so in deed. Very little reward does it bring them beyond the happiness which is inseparable from the experience of some very guileless emotions, and the barren, though real satisfaction of having been the object of some very pure, and, for the time, very deep affection; the lads, for whom they have done so much, will rarely appreciate or even recognize it. They will look back upon this as a last and pleasant episode of boyhood; perhaps, at times, they will be conscious of a little uneasy feeling of wishing—they hardly know why—that Mary, or Jane, or Katie, were married, but that is all. Nor do we surmise that the girl philosophizes about it much more deeply; if, after all, she marries, she will only sometimes think over the old days pleasantly, and smile sagely to remember what silly children they two were; and if chronic spinsterhood come upon her, we cannot expect more than that she should not grow querulous and ill-natured when she looks back from winter-tide upon those days of spring, whose summer and autumn were not.

Yet our impression remains the same—that hers has not been the most unworthy phase of woman's work. J. H.

LAST WORDS.

He knelt beside her dying bed;
"Speak, daughter, speak," the old man said;
And she, "'Tis dark; where is he—where?
I fain would smooth his wavy hair."
"Oh, leave me not, my child," he said;
And she, "I know, when I am dead,
You'll let him for a little space
Gaze on my still and shrouded face."
"Child, he is here," the father said.
Her feeble arms she open spread,
Her lips to his she strove to press,
And clasped him in a mute caress.
"Forgive!" the father cried, "forgive!
To be his wife wilt thou not live?"
"I do forgive, and bless," she said.
Her eyelids fluttered, she was dead!
Poor lover! poorer father; he
Through life that thin white face will see,

KINGSWOOD CLARE.

☞ The Sicilians, even to this day, have a singular marriage custom. As soon as the ceremony is over two of the attendants are ready to cram a spoonfull of honey into the mouths of the bride and bridegroom, pronouncing it emblematical of their love and union. This may have been the origin of the honey-moon.

☞ ADVICE WORTH FOLLOWING.—One of our exchanges gives the following advice, which is worth considering:

"If anybody is dissatisfied with Federal money, let him go South and get Confederate money. If anybody is dissatisfied with United States taxes, let him go South and pay Southern taxes. If anybody is dissatisfied with the United States enrollment, let him go South and enjoy the benefits of the Southern conscription."

☞ The introduction of the new silk moth into Europe bids fair to be of great importance. It is reported that the almost incredible quantity of one hundred millions of trees are now planted in France for the sustenance of the caterpillar.

☞ The soldiers want the ladies to send them "comfort bags"—little bags four by six inches, containing needles, pins, yarn, buttons, and small packages of tea, ginger, and sugar. Comfort the soldiers, by all means, girls, and put in an encouraging letter while you are about it.—*Portland Transcript.*

☞ They have a novel way of dealing with pickpockets, gamblers and rumsellers in the Army of the Potomac. When caught pursuing their avocations they are respectively labelled, and compelled to stand upon barrels at Acquia Creek, where all going to and from the army can look at them.

☞ "AS CLEAR AS MUD."—The Attorney of the Internal Revenue Bureau receives many curious letters, and is asked all sorts of queer questions concerning the national stamplicense tax.

One of them runs thus: "My two boys sell essences; are they drugs? And, if so, must I put stamps on them?"

Another letter inquires: "Are newsboys who sell papers peddlers? Must we get a license before we can sell them?"

Another wants to know: "If my wife hires a doctor who hasn't any license, have I got to pay him for it?"

☞ FASHION IN RING-WEARING.—It is the prevailing fashion on the Continent for all married gentlemen, as well as ladies, to wear the modest and significant wedding-ring, and this is now likely to become gradually the fashion in England. At the late royal marriage, besides the wedding-ring of the Princess Alexandra, a similar gold ring was made expressly to be worn by the Prince himself.

ANECDOTE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—Mr. S. F. B. Morse relates in the *Journal of Commerce* this characteristic anecdote of Queen Victoria of England.

I was in London in 1838, and was present with my excellent friend the late Charles R. Leslie, R. A., at the imposing ceremonies of the coronation of the Queen in Westminster Abbey. He then related to me the following incident, which, I think, may truly be said to have been the first act of her reign: "When her predecessor, William IV., died, a messenger was immediately despatched by his Queen (then become, by his death, Queen Dowager,) to Victoria, apprising her of the event. She immediately called for paper, and indited a letter of condolence to the widow. Folding it, she directed it 'To the Queen of England.' Her maid of honor in attendance, noticing the inscription, said: 'Your Majesty, you are the Queen of England.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'but the widowed Queen is not to be reminded of that fact first by me.'"

☞ If we had a choice between a wife with ten thousand pounds and a bad temper, and one with sixpence and a sweet, good temper, we should take the latter at once, or we are a bigger fool than we suspect ourselves of being. We deliberately believe that ten thousand pounds five times told could not be made to procure as much happiness as a sweet-tempered wife could yield. And much as men love money, the greater and best part of them will judge as we do. So, girls, cultivate a sweet temper as the best dowry you can bring a husband.

☞ Carlyle's characterization of modern novels is odd but appropriate. He calls them—"Tales of adventures which did not occur in God's creation, but only in the waste chambers (to be let unfurnished) of certain human heads, and which are part and parcel only of the sum of Nothings; which, nevertheless, obtain some temporary remembrance, and lodge extensively, at this epoch of the world, in similar still more unfurnished chambers."

☞ Of all the Percy family, the noblest is Percy Vere (persevere); and the most cruel Percy Cute (persecute).

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

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In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

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P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

THE INVASION OF THE STATE.

"The city to-day presented a warlike appearance. One could scarcely turn in any direction without meeting with a fife and drum. Recruiting officers were constantly marching up and down the streets. Large four horse omnibuses, with bands of music and placards announcing various rendezvous, were driving about the city.

"The thrilling scenes in the streets of Philadelphia which followed the firing on Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, were renewed yesterday. The peril of the state, and the exciting appeals made for aid warmed up the popular heart, and the apathy, that for a time had seemed to taken possession of the community, was speedily dispelled. The crowds in the streets continued to increase rapidly, a condition of things which was not a little heightened by the protracted tolling of the State House bell at three o'clock. The sound of the tocsin ringing out the tones of war is so unusual a circumstance in Philadelphia, that its effect was startling; thousands of people left their homes, their workshops and their counting rooms, and hurried, by common consent, to Independence Square, where impromptu meetings were organized and fervent patriotic speeches were made.

"The scene reminded us of what we had read of how our grandsires hurried to the Old State House Yard in the days of '76, when popular discussion on the great events of the times was invited, and when the popular aid was to be invoked. We thought, too, of what we had heard of gatherings on the same historic spot when Gen. Ross was marching upon Baltimore, and Philadelphia was threatened by the advancing foe. We remembered, too, what we had witnessed in 1846, when the soil of Texas was invaded by the Mexicans, and the people of Philadelphia gathered in their might to pledge themselves to stand by the National Government in its declaration of war against Mexico. The possibility that the rebel horde might reach the Susquehanna, and even cross that stream and destroy our state capital, was freely entertained yesterday; but there was also a firm resolve

> "'That many a banner should be torn,
> And many a knight to earth be borne'

before that disgraceful calamity should be suffered to befall the state."

The appeal for troops found a response in every loyal woman's heart; and there were but few who were not only ready to send their most cherished ones for the defence of the state, but ready to frown upon those who were not eager to go. Calls were made at the rooms of the Women's Penn. Branch for such supplies as were most likely to be needed in the emergency; and we were happy to be able to inform the applicants that special agents had already been despatched, and that nothing which was in our power to do should be left undone in making proper provision for the necessities that might spring out of the occasion.

To-night there are many heavy hearts within homes which have thus far been spared the desolation that that has visited such numbers. Mothers parting with their first born boys—lads of but 16 or 18 years of age, who would not be denied, when the call rang so near; and who are now going out to brave perils and welcome hardships that might well dampen the courage of less noble material.

We are proud of our Philadelphia boys—our sons and our brothers, and though with sad faces and heavy hearts we bid them God speed, we know that if they are spared to return to us, the joy of welcoming them will repay for all the grief of the separation. If otherwise, God only can sustain us, and bring us to feel gratitude to Him, for permitting us to lay such sacrifices on the altar of our beloved country. Sacrifices and burnt offerings, indeed! for the mother's heart must be as it were consumed with anguish, before she can resign herself to her sorrow and her loss. With prayer and trembling we await the result.

ARM-SLINGS.

We have received a requisition for arm-slings, with the following directions for making them:

"They should be made to fit on the underside of the arm, from the elbow to the hand, and at equal intervals should be furnished with several tapes—say four on each side, long enough to tie round the neck and shoulder. The advantage of using this number of tapes, instead of one or two pair, is that it affords better opportunity, for accommodating the arm at different heights and in different positions, as may be called for by the feelings of the patients.

Letter from a Wounded Soldier to the Aid Societies of the North.

OBERLIN, May 22nd, 1863.

To those noble ladies who direct the affairs or contribute to the funds of the Women's Soldiers' Aid Society of Northern Ohio:

I want to thank you. I was wounded at Stone River on the last day of December, 1862, and since then I have run the gauntlet of the hospitals from Murfreesboro' to Cleveland. At every stage of my painful progress I was the grateful recipient of your priceless gifts. I owe the preservation of my life to a bottle of blackberry wine, which was labelled at Cleveland, and sent to me by Mr. Atwater, Agent of the United States Sanitary Commission at Murfreesboro'. It came to me at a time when I had scarcely any vitality left. It restored my appetite, which I had lost by the too free use of Morphine. *That wine could not have been bought with money;* it was the priceless gift of some great-hearted country woman—God bless her!

When I left Nashville the hospitals were well supplied, and the rooms of the Sanitary Commission were filled to overflowing.—May they never be empty until the war shall close.

Yours, respectfully,
S. W. SHANKLAND.

The demand at present is for Cotton Drawers, Cotton Socks, Bed Sacks, Sheets, Towels, Pickles, Jellies and Preserved Fruits, Corn Meal, Oat Meal.

The ladies of the W. P. B. return their thanks to those Editors who have copied articles from the Sanitary Commission Department into the columns of their papers.

We have received copies of the Sunbury Gazette, Williamsport Bulletin, The Carbon Democrat, Lehigh Register, Miner's Journal, Delaware State Journal, Berks and Schuylkill Journal, Tioga County Banner, and Lewistown True Democrat, containing articles. The Editors will please accept our warmest thanks for their generous co-operation.

Circular for Auxiliary Societies issued by the Cleveland Branch.

DEAR MADAM:—

The donations which we receive from your Society prove that your ladies are earnest as ever in their efforts for the disabled soldiers, and we doubt not your citizens give every encouragement to so good a work.

If, however, your treasury is low, and is not likely to be filled by voluntary contribution, would it not be well to plan some entertainment for the benefit of your Society.

Strawberry season now offers inducements for a festival or pic nic that is easily arranged, and is always well patronized.—Fourth of July is at hand, when your citizens will be at leisure to enjoy any pleasure that is prepared for them, and your young ladies and gentlemen would surely enter heart and hand into any project of amusement for that day.

The frequent meetings of Union Committees and loyal leagues in the different towns are a fine occasion for gathering in funds for the Aid Societies. We have heard of one Society lately realizing a handsome sum by opening a "dining tent," during the session of the Union Convention in the town, and in a small village near here sixty eight dollars were raised for the Aid Society by a collection taken up at a meeting of the loyal league.

Doubtless your Society has its own plans for raising funds, but having heard of the successful entertainments lately given by several of our Branch Societies, we cannot forbear asking for this subject the kind consideration of your ladies. Please bring it before them as soon as convenient, and should it be of any service to them, we shall not regret having taken the liberty of making these suggestions.

DONATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, June 22d, 1863.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge also the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

3 boxes from St. Thomas township, Franklin county.
Clothing, G. J. Gross.
Bandages and rags, Quartermaster Pennsylvania Militia, Harrisburg.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Tamaqua.
Clothing, etc., Mrs. Ritchie, 420 S. Fifteenth street.
1 pkg. papers, Miss M. Lata.
1 pkg. linen rags, First Presbyterian Church.
1 box, Ladies' Aid Society, Roxborough, Mrs. James.
1 box, Public School, No. 2, Pittston, Luzerne county, Miss G. Robertson.
Jellies and Syrups, Mrs. Jessup.
Clothing from Women's Contributing Aid, Moyamensing, E. H. Haven.
Needle books, St. James's Parish School, per Miss Greene.
3 boxes, Trenton Ladies' Aid Association, S. B. Johnston.
2 boxes, Allentown Ladies' Aid, Rebecca A. Wagner.
2 boxes, Second Unitarian Society, Phila., Mrs. Wm. L. Chaffin.
Pickles and catsup, Mrs. Bradford.
1 barrel, 2 bags dried apples, Williamsport, Lycoming county, Miss L. A. Snyder.
Clothing, St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Eliza W. Mayer, Secretary.
Clothing, Aid Society, Church of the Saviour, West Phila., S. H. Goddard.
2 bags dried fruit, Chester Central Aid, Mrs. Heister.
1 firkin butter, Northumberland, Miss H. Jenkins.
Shirts, a friend, through Miss L. R. Mayer.
Pillows and cases, Mrs. J. Edgar Thomson.
Linen rags, Mrs. Chapman Biddle, Phila.
2 boxes, Frey Chapel Soldiers' Aid, Mrs. Frey.
Pickles, Mrs. E. P. Thompson, Asland, Schuylkill county.
1 barrel apples, Jos. D. Drinker, Montrose.
15 cans fruit, dried apples, Ladies' Aid, Lewisburg, Miss S. M. Dickson.
3 boxes wine, Robert Shoemaker & Co., 4th and Race streets.
Dried fruit, lint, etc., Homœopathic Hospital, T. P. Galvin.
1 box, Tunkhannock Aid Society, Mrs. H. E. Little.
Clothing and delicacies, St. Thomas Colored Church, Mrs. Dorsey, Secretary.
Clothing, etc., Mrs. Warner Johnson.
1 pkg., Union Sewing Association, Mrs. Julia Lewis Clark.

☞ NEW GYMNASTICS.—The new text-book for the elementary class in Physiology, it is understood, will run somewhat after this fashion:

Ques. What is supposed to be the design of the arms and hands, in man?

Ans. To be employed in swinging dumb-bells.

Ques. For what was the head made?

Ans. To stand upon, or to be used like the ball of the pendulum, while suspended by the feet, &c., &c.—*N. Y. Leader.*

☞ A young fop at a bazaar being solicited to buy something by a fair creature who kept a table, said he wanted to buy what was not for sale—a lock of her hair. She promptly cut off the coveted curl and received the sum asked for it—$20. The purchaser was showing his trophy to a friend. "She did you," said the friend; "for to my knowledge she only paid twenty shillings for the whole wig."

☞ An enthusiastic believer was relating to a skeptic certain spiritual performances to which he could testify, and, among other things, he said that, on one occasion, the spirit of his wife, who had been dead several years, returned to him, and, seating herself upon his knee, put her arms around him, and kissed him, much to his gratification, as she used to do when living. "You do not mean to say," remarked the skeptic, "that the spirit of your wife really embraced you and kissed you?" "No, not exactly that," replied the believer, "but her spirit took possession of the female medium—the future Mrs. B——, that is to be, you know—and, through her, embraced and kissed me!"

☞ Down on the Amazon are spiders with bodies two inches and legs seven inches long, that catch and suck birds; butterflies that are mistaken for humming-birds; green snakes just like a creeping plant, and a beautiful coral snake with bands of black and vermillion separated by clear white rings; monkeys with white hair all over them; monkeys only seven inches long, and owl-faced apes, sleeping all day and lively at night.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour has been unsettled and dull. The sales only reach 9000 bbls in lots at $4,75@5,75 for common Northwest, and good Penna superfine, $5,50@6,50 for extras, and $6@7,25 for Ohio extra family. The sales to the trade continue limited within the same range of prices for superfine, extra and extra family, and $7,50@8,50 for fancy do. Rye Flour is dull and selling in a small way at $5 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal continues scarce, and Penna is wanted at $4. 800 bbls Brandywine sold, part $4,12½ and part at a price kept private.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and Wheat has been in fair demand at about previous rates, with further sales of 35,000 bus at $1,48@1,52 for fair to good and prime Penna and Southern reds, and from $1,52 to 1,65 for white. Rye is scarce, but the demand for Penna is limited at $1,05. Corn has been in request, about 28,000 bus sold at 86@87c for yellow, the latter for prime lots in store and afloat, and 81@83c for Western mixed. Oats are dull and rather lower, and 35,000 bus, mostly Penna, found buyers at 75@77c. Barley and Malt remain as last quoted and quiet.

PROVISIONS—The demand for barrelled meats is very small, and the sales are in a retail way only at $14@14½ for Mess Pork, and $13@15 ℔ bbl for Western and city Mess Beef. Beef Hams are scarce at $17@18 ℔ bbl. Of Bacon the demand is mostly for bagged Hams at 11@13c, the latter for choice; about 100 casks Shoulders sold at 5@5½c. For green meats there is no inquiry, except for Hams, with further sales at 8½@10c for pickled, the latter for choice sugar-cured, and 7@7½c for salt do. Nothing doing in Sides and Shoulders. Lard is steady, and the sales light at 10½@10¾c for prime Western tierce, 9½@10c for second quality; kegs are worth 11½@11¾c; 300 pkgs Grease brought 8c. Butter is dull at 15@22c, the latter for prime New York. Cheese is scarce and selling at 11@13c for Ohio and New York, the latter for extra quality. Eggs are worth 18@19c ℔ doz.

COTTON—Holders have put up their prices 6@7c ℔ ℔ since the close of last week; 300 bales have changed hands, mostly in small lots, at 55@65c, cash, the latter rate for middlings.

ASHES are quiet and without any alteration to note in price or demand.

BARK comes in slowly, and 1st No 1 is offered at $32 ℔ ton. Of Tanners' Bark prices range at about $10 for Peach, $14 for Chestnut, and $18 for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX—There is very little offering or selling, and good yellow is selling at 45@46c ℔ ℔.

COAL—Dealers are asking a further advance, with an active inquiry to go East. Prices—Schuylkill White Ash Lump ℔ ton, $6@6,10; Prepared do $6@6,10; Red Ash do $6@6,25; Lehigh Lump do $6,25@6,50; Prepared do $6,25@6,50; by retail do $7; Schuylkill Prepared do, $6,50.

COFFEE is dull, sales confined to small lots, mostly Rio, within the range of 29@32c, cash and time.

COPPER is dull and the prices of all kinds nominally unchanged.

FEATHERS are scarce but the demand is limited at 46@48c ℔ ℔.

FRUIT—The sales are limited and prices about the same, but Dried Apples are more inquired for.

HAY is moving off as wanted at 80@90c the 100 ℔s.

HEMP—The stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, and we hear of no sales.

HOPS continue dull, and the sales limited at 18@22c ℔ ℔ for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market continues dull and neglected, with little or nothing doing in Pig Metal, and prices are nearly nominal at $30@34 for the three numbers of Anthracite. Scotch Pig is also quiet; a sale is reported at $34. In Manufactured we hear of no change.

LEAD is more active but at a further slight decline, and sales of 3500 pigs Galena are reported at $8,50 the 100 ℔s, cash.

LUMBER—There is rather more arriving and selling at $21@23 for white; $20@22 for Yellow Sap; $13@14 for Lehigh Boards; Scantling do at $11 in the water. White Pine Shingles at $18@22, and Laths at $1,50 ℔ M from the vessel.

MOLASSES—The market is quiet but firm; about 500 bbls New Orleans sold mostly by auction at 32@47½c, cash.

PLASTER—There is nothing doing, and we quote Soft dull at about $4 ℔ ton.

RICE is quiet, and the demand limited at 8¼@8½c ℔ ℔ for Rangoon.

SEEDS—There is very little Cloverseed offering or selling, and the market is quiet and prices nominally $5,25@5,75 ℔ bus. Timothy is more inquired for, and sales of 900 bus are reported at $2@2,25, mostly at $2 ℔ bus. Flaxseed is steady at $2,50 ℔ bus; 200 bbls screenings at $1,75.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm, but quiet at the advanced rates now demanded. N E Rum is selling as wanted at 65@68c. Whiskey is scarce, with rather more selling at 46@47c for second-hand and prime bright bbls, 45@46c for hhds, and 44@45c for Drudge.

SUGAR—The market is very firm, but the week's sales have been limited to some 300 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 10½@12½c, on time, and 158 hhds New Orleans, the latter by auction, at 9½@12½c, cash.

TALLOW—The market is inactive, with small sales of city at 11@11½c, and country to some extent at 10@10½c ℔ ℔.

TOBACCO—The market is unchanged at previous quoted rates.

WOOL—There is very little of the new clip coming forward as yet. A few small sales only have been made public, mostly old fleece, within the range of 68@72c ℔ ℔.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1811 head. The prices realized were from 9 to 12½ cts ℔ ℔. 250 Cows brought from $20 to 35 ℔ head. 700 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 5½c ℔ ℔ gross. 790 Hogs at from $7,00 to 8,25 ℔ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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☞ A soldier, dying of lung disease in one of the Washington hospitals, had a blister applied between his shoulders by the surgeon. The poor fellow looked waggishly at the doctor, and grimly asked if a man had to have a stamp put on him before he could be allowed to die.

SICKNESS IN THE ARMY

In the 8th Maine, 33d New York, 2d Rhode Island, 2d Maine, 2d Vermont, 9th New York, 3d, 4th, and 5th Pennsylvania, several Michigan, Indiana and Wisconsin regiments, Sickles' Brigade, and over 100 other regiments, have acknowledged, through their surgeons and officers, that RADWAY'S READY RELIEF have scores of times saved the lives of soldiers when all other remedies failed. Sergeant C. P. Lord, of the 8th Maine, Dr. Tingley, of Sickles' Brigade, Captain Whitlock, of the 33d New York, Gen. Hall, of Sickles' Brigade, and hundreds of others, testify that Radway's Ready Relief, in every case where it has been used in the diseases incidental to exposure of climate, perfected cures where the surgeons of the regiments could do nothing. Let every soldier procure this remedy.

"Sold by Druggists."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. ALBANUS R. HIBBS, to Miss EMILY MATILDA SEVILLE, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. THOMAS R. WALKER, of this city, to Miss MARGARET BIRCH, of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. Janeway, the Rev. J. B. H. JANEWAY, to MARGARET E. BERRIEN, daughter of Capt. John Berrien, U. S. N.

On 3d-day morning, 23d ultimo, at the residence of Arthur H. Howell, Germantown, by Friends' ceremony, CYRUS MENDENHALL, of Mount Pleasant, Ohio, to PHEBE E. HOWELL, daughter of Jas. Emlen, of West Chester, Pa.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. BENJAMIN H. PONSLEY, to Miss GEORGEANNA BULEY, of Chester, Pa.

On the 26th of May, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. JAMES T. FINCH, to Miss LIZZIE FAUNCE, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, SAMUEL ROGERS, to Miss MARY OSBORNE, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Saml. Thomas, Mr. JOHN F. CASSEDY, to Miss MARY W. SMITH, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. C. Robinson, Mr. WILLIAM K. PEARDE, to Miss LIZZIE G. MILLER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th ultimo, MARTIN, son of Moses Thomas, in his 48th year.

On the 21st ultimo, at Richboro, Bucks county, Pa., MARY D. TOD, relict of the late Wm. H. Tod, Esq. of this city, in her 88th year.

On the 22d ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM V. BENNETT, in his 43d year.

On the 22d ultimo, Mr. ABRAHAM WECKERLY.

On the 22d ultimo, JAMES B. LANE, in his 48th year.

On the 22d ultimo, CATHARINE HARKINS, wife of John Harkins, aged 55 years.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. SARAH LOUISA, wife of Chas. R. Neeman, in her 40th year.

On the 21st ultimo, MARY E. wife of Wm. S. Martin, and daughter of A. Winchester, Esq.

On the 20th ultimo, RACHEL WEATHERBY, widow of the late Benj. Weatherby, aged 78 years.

On the 20th ultimo, ANDREW DEVINE, late of Co. E, 68th Pa. Volunteers, aged 27 years.

On the 19th ultimo, at Fairfax, Va., THOMAS PORTER, aged 23 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 20, 1863.

Alabama	50 dis.	Mississippi,	—
Canada,	44 prem.	Missouri,	3 dis.
Connecticut,	¼ dis.	New Brunswick,	25 prem.
Delaware,	par.	New Hampshire,	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia,	½ dis.	New Jersey, par to	½ dis.
Florida,	— dis.	New York City,	¼ dis.
Georgia,	40 dis.	New York State,	¼ dis.
Illinois,	3 dis.	North Carolina,	30 dis.
Indiana,	½ to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia,	17 prem.
Iowa,	1 dis.	Ohio,	½ dis.
Kansas,	—	Pennsylvania, par to	½ dis.
Kentucky,	½ dis.	Rhode Island,	¼ dis.
Louisiana,	10 dis.	South Carolina,	20 dis.
Maine,	¼ dis	Tennessee,	10 dis.
Maryland,	½ to 1 dis.	Texas,	—
Massachusetts,	¼ dis.	Vermont,	¼ dis.
Michigan,	1½ dis.	Virginia,	50 dis.
Minnesota,	—	Wisconsin,	2 dis.

WITHERS & PETERSON,
39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.
STOCK AND EXCHANGE
BROKERS.

STOCKS BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

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DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.

may2-ly

THE GOOD SAMARITAN—A NEW MEDICAL WORK.—Every person, male and female, should have a copy. Sent *free* to any address. Address Box 2729, Post Office, Philadelphia, Pa.

jly4-13t

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Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

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PATENT LEG & ARM
1609 and 378 CHESTNUT ST
PHILADELPHIA.

B. FRANK PALMER,
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c.,
has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible Comfort and facility for Surgeo-Artistic operations. The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations,* and full information for *persons in want of limbs,* sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address

B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oc16-ly 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

AN ELEGANT CURE FOR THE HAIR.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of

PHALON'S COCIN,
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PHALON'S COCIN,
OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL
OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL
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OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL
OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL
FOR THE HAIR.
FOR THE HAIR.
FOR THE HAIR.
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FOR THE HAIR.
FOR THE HAIR.

Principal Depot 517
Broadway, New York.
For sale by all fancy
dealers and grocers.

SMALL BOTTLES 30 CENTS.
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SMALL BOTTLES 30 CENTS.
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LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
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TO PRESERVE AND IMPROVE THE HUMAN HAIR.

The only article discovered for promoting the health and strength of the Hair, and giving the Hair a rich and glossy appearance, is PHALON & SON'S COCIN, and we recommend all to buy it.—*Philadelphia Press.* my23-3m

NOTICE.—THOSE WISHING to become rich, or succeed in anything they wish, should send for one or all of the Gipsy's Seven Secret Charms. Thousands have done so and now rejoice. They cost but little and do much good. For further particulars send stamp, and get full explanation, to

E. F. MAYO, Ballston Spa., New York.
je27-3t

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.

R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

ELEGANT PARLOR PICTURES
SENT BY MAIL, POSTAGE PAID.

Photograph copies of choice and costly Engravings are now made with such minuteness and perfection that all the beauty and effects of the original are reproduced. I am furnishing these at prices within the reach of every one—prices quite as low as those asked for inferior Engravings and Lithographs. Among the subjects are—

	SIZE.	PRICE.
"Evangeline,"	No. 1.	50 cts.
"Interrupted Reader,"	No. 1.	50 cts.
"Dream of the Future,"	No. 1.	50 cts.
do. do.	No. 2.	75 cts.
"Mutual Instruction,"	No. 1.	50 cts.
"Family Worship,"	No. 1.	50 cts.
"Glimpse of an English Homestead,"	No. 1.	50 cts.
do. do.	No. 2.	75 cts.
do. do.	No. 3.	1,25 cts.
"Shakspeare and Cotemporaries,"	No. 3.	1,25 cts.
"Lion in Love,"	No. 1.	50 cts.
do. do.	No. 2.	75 cts.
do. do.	No. 3.	1,25 cts.
"Heavenly Consolation,"	No. 1.	50 cts.
do do.	No. 2.	75 cts.
"Olivia,"	No. 1.	50 cts.
"Greek Slave," by Hiram Powers,	No. 1.	50 cts.

☞ Sent by mail, on firm rollers, postage paid.

☞ Catalogues of over Five Hundred *Cartes de Visite,* for Albums, of distinguished persons, fine pictures, and works of art, sent on application. The price of these *Cartes de Visite,* by mail, post paid, is 15 cents each, 8 for $1, or 20 for $2. They are among the finest made. All orders promptly filled.

Address GEORGE GILLIARD,
Office of "HOME MAGAZINE,"
my30-6t 323 Walnut St., Philada.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

New York, November [illegible]

The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with valuable improvements at the following reduced

PRICES:

No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with
Full Case, Polished Rosewood, [illegible]
Half Case, Polished Rosewood, [illegible]
Half Case, Panelled, Black Walnut, [illegible]
Plain Table, [illegible]
No. 3 MACHINE, PLAIN, with
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany, [illegible]
Half Case, Panelled, [illegible]
Plain Table, 45,00

The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S FAIR, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

[The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM FOR THE POST—see *Prospectus.* We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

TO FIRE COMPANIES!—A second class Suction Engine for sale.
Address "MONROE" Blockley P. O., (near Philadelphia,) Pa.
je27-3t

R. DOLLARD,
513 Chestnut St.,
Philadelphia,
Premier Artiste
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.
No. 1.—The round of the head.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.

Toupees and Scalps, Inches.
No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—Over the crown of the head.

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizots, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-eowly

QUERY.

Why is it that CRISTADORA'S HAIR DYE is the best IN THE WORLD?

BECAUSE eminent chemists say so!
BECAUSE it contains no caustic compounds!
BECAUSE it wears longer than any other!
BECAUSE it operates *instantaneously!*
BECAUSE it does not stain the skin!
BECAUSE it nourishes and strengthens the Hair!
BECAUSE it corrects the bad effects of other dyes!
BECAUSE its presence cannot be detected!
BECAUSE IT NEVER FAILS!

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. je20-eow2t

SPECIAL NOTICE.

CHLOASMA, OR MOTH PATCHES
AND FRECKLES.

Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discolored spots on the skin show more strongly on blondes than on brunettes, but they contribute greatly in marring the beauty on either; and anything that will remove moth patches without injuring the skin in texture or color, would no doubt be considered a great achievement in medical science. Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, New York, having devoted his whole time and attention to Diseases of the Skin, will guaranty to remove Moth Patches, Freckles and other discolorations from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. His success in this, as in other branches of his speciality—DISEASES OF THE SCALP and LOSS OF HAIR—will warrant him in guarantying a CURE IN EVERY CASE. For particulars address, enclosing stamp,

DR. B. C. PERRY,
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PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS
FOR THE
CARD PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS AND OTHERS.

For a list of kinds and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Wit and Humor.

SIGNATURES BY SUNLIGHT.

Among the myriad of uses to which photography of late has been successfully applied, we observe that little portraits of the size of a receipt stamp are now to be obtained, which, being on adhesive paper may be stuck by way of signature at the bottom of a letter, so that writers may be spared the pains of signing their own names. As people rarely take the trouble to write their signatures in such a way that any one can read them, the advantage of these portrait stamps is obvious enough, and their usefulness, we think, might greatly be extended if people were to have their correspondence-portraits taken in attitudes to indicate their frame of mind when writing, which naturally varies with each letter that one pens. With the assistance of our artist we furnish a few specimens of what we would propose:—

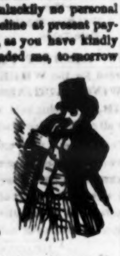
"*Dover, Tuesday.*

"Sir,

"I much regret that circumstances over which I have unluckily no personal control oblige me to decline at present payment of my bill, which, as you have kindly and thoughtfully reminded me, to-morrow becomes due. I start this evening for the Continent, where I mean to make a somewhat lengthened tour. You may depend when I return I will not fail to call on you. Meanwhile I remain

"Yours,

"Most respectfully,



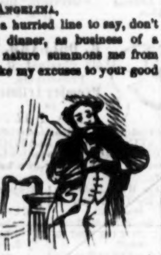
Our next sample might be written on the morning of the Derby Day or on occasion of a quiet little dinner down at Greenwich:—

"My dearest Angelina,

"I write a hurried line to say, don't wait for me at dinner, as business of a most important nature summons me from town. Pray make my excuses to your good friends the Blowfarties, whom I most unfeignedly regret I cannot meet. With a thousand kisses, dearest, believe me

"Yours,

"Devotedly,



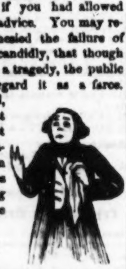
As language was invented to conceal one's real thoughts, a letter like the following might properly be ended with a photographic signature:—

"My dear Tomkins,

"Our mutual friend, Smith, has just brought me sad news that your new tragedy has been d——. I really have not courage to write the fatal word. Believe me, my dear friend, I condole with you sincerely for this distressing accident; which by the way, I may remind you, would never have occurred if you had allowed yourself to follow my advice. You may remember that I prophesied the failure of your piece, and said candidly, that though you might consider it a tragedy, the public would more likely regard it as a farce. Still, my dear friend, need I tell you that you have my deepest sympathy, for jealousy in our profession you well know does not exist. Repeating my regret, believe me

"Yours,

"Condolingly,



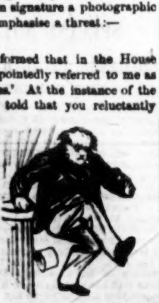
By the following it may be seen how far more than a plain signature a photographic portrait would emphasise a threat:—

"Sir,

"I am informed that in the House last night, you pointedly referred to me as 'that affected ass.' At the instance of the Speaker, I am told that you reluctantly withdrew the observation; but unless you write me an immediate apology, you will put me to the pain of taking further steps.

"I remain, Sir,

"Yours, &c.,



—*London Punch.*

RATHER A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Mr. Pilkinston, a small farmer in Pennsylvania, was some time ago drafted for the service of his country. His wife, though she possesses but a small stock of general information, is one of the best conjugal partners, as she was much troubled at the thought of parting with her husband. As she was engaged in scrubbing off her doorsteps, a rough-looking stranger came up, and thus addressed her:

"I hear, ma'am, that your husband has been drafted."

"Yes, sir, he has," answered Mrs. Pilkinston, "though, dear knows, there's few men that couldn't better be spared from their families."

"Well, ma'am, I've come to offer myself as substitute for him."

"A what?" asked Mrs. Pilkinston, with some excitement.

"I'm willing to take his place," said the stranger.

"You take the place of *my* husband, you wretch! I'll teach you to insult a distressed woman that way, you vagabond!" cried Mrs. Pilkinston, as she discharged the dirty soap-suds in the face of the discomfited and astonished substitute, who took to his heel just in time to escape having his head broken by the bucket.

I WISH I WAS A PRINTER.

I wish I was a printer,
I really do indeed,
It seems to me that printers
Get everything they need,
(Except money!)

They get the largest and the best
Of everything that grows,
And gets free into circuses,
And other kind of shows.
(By giving an equivalent?)

The biggest bug will speak to them;
No matter how they dress,
A shabby coat is nothing
If they own a printing press.
(Policy!)

At Ladies' fairs they're almost hugged,
By pretty girls who know
That they will crack up every thing
The ladies have to show.
(Of course.)

And thus they get a "blow out" free!
At every party feed—
The reason is because they write,
And other people read.
(That's so!)

WEDDING RINGS.

It appears that Greek sentimentalism *first* gave mystic significance to wedding-rings, which were made by them of gold—the least corruptible of metals—to indicate purity and duration, and were frequently inscribed with sentences typical of the same feeling.

"May you live long,"

was engraved on one, published by Caylus;

"I give good fortune to the wearer,"

was another favorite legend.

In the sixteenth century the custom still continued of inscribing a motto or "posy" within the hoop of the ring—often in commonplace rhyme. Shakspeare alludes in contemptuous terms to these effusions in the "Merchant of Venice," where *Portia* inquires of *Gratiano* the reason of his quarrel with *Nerissa;* and where *Hamlet*, addressing the players, asks:

"Is this the prologue or the *posy* of a ring?"

Betrothal by means of a ring was customary between lovers about to separate. Shakspeare alludes to this in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," where *Julia* gives *Proteus* a ring, saying:

"Keep *you* this ring for thy Julia's sake."

And he replies:

"Well, then, we'll make exchange; here, take *you* this."

In its circular continuity the ring was accepted as a type of eternity, and hence the stability of affection; with the motto:

"Constancy and Heaven are round,
And in this the Emblem's found."

Clasped hands was a frequent device:

"Not Two—but One,
Till Life be gone."

Another design was a hand supporting a crowned heart—typical of the married state.

"My heart and I
Until I dye."

One of the most complete jingles is the following:

"Desire,
Like fire,
Doth still inspire."

One of the most whimsical was used by the Bishop of London, in 1753, who had been married *three* times; on his *fourth* marriage he placed as a motto on the ring:

"If I survive,
I'll make them *five*."

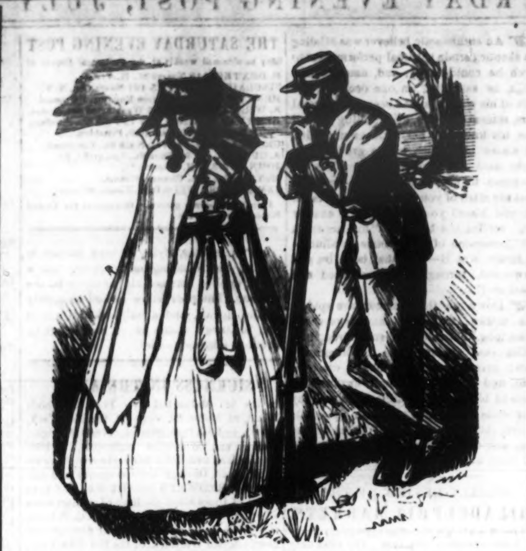
At the period of the Reformation in England the doggerel ceased, and texts of Scripture were much used for mottoes.

About fifty years ago French jewelers ingeniously constructed a new style of sentimental ring, in which a motto was formed by the arrangement of gems around the hoop, the initial letter of the name of each stone forming words when combined, as in the following examples:

A methyst.
L apis lazuli.
B eryl.
E merald.
R uby.
T opaz.

L apis lazuli.
O pal.
V erd antique.
E merald.
M alachite.
E merald.

This form has, of late years, been very generally adopted by the English nobility, the one made for the Prince of Wales ("BERTIE") being the last we heard of. In Philadelphia there has recently been a great demand for *emeralds*.



Clara.—"Don't you think it rather singular, Tom, your preparing to fight for your hearth and home, whilst you have not a wife?"

THE THREE RULERS.

I saw a Ruler take his stand
And trample on a mighty land;
The People crouched before his beck,
His iron heel was on their neck,
His name shone bright through blood and pain,
His sword flashed back their praise again.

I saw another Ruler rise:
His words were noble, good, and wise;
With the calm sceptre of his pen
He ruled the minds and thoughts of men:
Some scoffed, some praised—while many heard,
Only a few obeyed his word.

Another Ruler then I saw:
Love and sweet Pity were his law;
The greatest and the least had part
(Yet most the unhappy) in his heart:
The People, in a mighty band,
Rose up, and drove him from the land!

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Agricultural.

WOMAN FARMING.

A statement in relation to a large amount of farm work performed by a family of girls in Western New York, within a few years past, was not long since pretty generally copied by the agricultural press. An article written by a Mr. J. Talcott, disapproving of the course of these young ladies, has since been published in the Rural New-Yorker. In reply to the objections of this gentleman, one of these young ladies has written an article which fills about three columns of that paper. As a defence of "Woman's Right" to share with man the pleasure and profit of out-door labor, we have read this production with much interest; and we think our readers generally, whatever may be their opinion of woman farming, will enjoy the following extracts of an article written by a young lady who having literally put her hand to the plough, is still able to give her reasons for refusing to look back:

In the first place he [Mr. Talcott] says, that "continued out-door labor, for a woman or girl, tends to lower her position in social life, not only in the eyes of those who see it, but in those who perform." This I very strenuously deny, for I have abundant proof to the contrary. I commenced to work on the farm when seventeen years of age, and have followed it for three years, and probably shall some longer, and I have never known it to have the slightest effect upon the minds of any whose friendship was worth the having. He says that "it degenerates the mind, and deforms rather than strengthens the body." Women may grow deformed doing housework and taking care of children, and men while laboring in the counting room, but there is less excuse for it upon the farm than any other occupation in life.

The gentleman refers to barbarous nations where women work out doors, and thinks their condition far from enviable. I would like to inquire who would have her husband or son the level with the males of those nations? If one comparison is applicable, so is the other.

Our friend thinks that "girls should be able to tend their flowers and gardens, ride horseback, harness and saddle a horse and turn him to pasture, but when this is done the idea of her taking her team and going into the field to plough for a livelihood is too much of a good thing." Sure enough, it *is shocking*, Mr. Talcott. It would do very well for her to take hold a little while, *just for fun;* but she must return to the house immediately, before any one happens to see her, and go to work at cats and dogs in worsted, or some Mrs. Grundy will raise a terrible hue and cry of "a woman out of her sphere," "trying to become a man," or something else equally ridiculous and nonsensical.

Throughout the whole of the article mentioned, the impression is carried that it is the *work* that degrades; but when it is sifted to its foundation we shall find, instead, that it is *ignorance*. Any one, whether male or female—whether his occupation is farming or anything else—will be coarse, unrefined, awkward and vulgar, in proportion to his lack of intelligence; and it is worse than folly in this age of the world to attribute it to anything else. A young lady once came some way to work for us. She had heard some one speak of the interest there was always to be found in all pertaining to an outdoor life, and sighing for change sought it here; but she was not of a temperament to see God in flowers, and hear Him in the brooks; and so, very often that which would give us instruction and be of interest for days, would call forth the remark from her, "I can see nothing interesting in this;" so commonly did she use it, that it almost became a play-word with us. Nothing was of interest to her—a strange plant, tree, or fossil—because she could see only with her temporal eyes. The past, present or future was nothing, even when it pertained to the beautiful unfolding of Nature's laws.

At last, Mr. Editor, we find that the grand finale of the eloquent epistle under consideration is simply this:—Women may do anything they please in the world that *amounts to nothing.* She may make shirts at three cents apiece, take in washing, or do housework at fifty cents a week. Man has monopolized every honest employment and left her to cling hereafter to fathers and brothers for support, or waste her energies in striving to catch a husband to perform the office. And now that we have spread, open the only door that is not pertinaciously closed, there is a terrible breeze created on the instant, and somebody has raised the frightful bear-in-the-corner of masculine women, vulgarity, ignorance, and all of the other bug-a-boos that are commonly used to frighten children, with the expectation that we will run like sheep before the butcher. But they have only succeeded in proving themselves mistaken. We have tried both sides of the question and are as competent to judge of its efficacy as those who stand in the corner and shout their surmises.

Mr. Talcott does not object so much to woman's doing anything she chooses, *provided that she turns it to no account.* He thinks there is no harm in her working on a farm if she does it for recreation and pleasure; but if she does it for a "means of gaining a livelihood," it is awful, shocking, outrageous, and not to be tolerated. Now, if it is right to do any such thing in "*fun,*" *it is right to do it in earnest*, and for *pay;* and if it is right for a man to work on a farm and draw rich inspiration from such heavenly beauties, it is just as right for woman, and if he can do it without growing base, so can she, and be just as loveable, just as good, and watchful, and kind; and as she grows stronger and more healthy, (as she cannot avoid doing,) she will be more patient and far more competent to fill the office of wife and mother with credit to herself, and bring honor to her husband and children. The reason that such labor has had so sad an effect upon women is because they are never satisfied to let well enough alone. If she is weaker than man, then she should work with more moderation; but no!—after a long day's work in the field she returns to the house, and while the men are enjoying a cosy chat, or reading, she is setting things "to rights" and preparing for the next day's work. Let Mr. Talcott go into the house, put on woman's rig and content himself within the limits that have been laid down for woman, and if he is possessed of an aspiring, ambitious mind, and he thinks the position desirable at the end of three years, then we may think his opinion entitled to more weight.

The story of our work is looked upon as remarkable almost beyond belief, when taken into consideration only our ages, and judge of common farming; but I assure you there is nothing strange or marvellous about it, after all. The soil of our farm is very light and easily tilled. Throughout the whole three hundred acres there is scarcely a stone, and all is smooth and level. The rest is not so easy to manage, but we do not have much trouble with it. We are none of us afraid of horses, and working around and with them is a pleasure. Machinery has very much facilitated farming of late—so we are able to do a great deal of work without injury to ourselves. We are none of us very sickly, and are improving in that respect all of the time. Neither are we deformed, but are growing to age cheerful, independent, trusting and happy. Our parents have not forced this life upon their children, either, as many have tried to prove, but were loth to have us enter it; yet when they saw our determination, they yielded and lent us encouragement and assistance. Wishing that the lives of all other girls might be as far from trouble and care, and hoping that Mr. Talcott may soon gain a broader and more charitable view of nature and its effects, I will close.

Della A. Roberts.

Pekin, Niagara Co., N. Y.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

J. B. Bardwell, Worcester Co., Mass., writes to the Agriculturist that an unmarried woman of that place, now over 80 years old, a few years since bought a farm for $5,800, and recently added to it a pasture lot costing $500 more. She had accumulated the whole by doing housework at $1,50 per week, and putting her savings at interest. She formerly let the farm to tenants, but not liking their doings, last year she assumed the management, and with the help of one man carried on the business.—She kept sixteen cows, attended personally to the dairy, and attended her own housework, besides doing the marketing, &c. A large class of young men who are idly "waiting for something to turn up," should take lessons from this old lady.—*Agriculturist.*

POTATOES.

The first potatoes grown in this country were from seed brought from Ireland by the Scotch Irish, who emigrated from the old country in 1718, and in 1719 settled in Londonderry, N. H. They were first raised in the garden of Nathaniel Walker, of Andover, and gradually but slowly found their way into general cultivation. They are first mentioned in Newbury, in 1732; in Lynn, in 1733. In 1737, Rev. Thomas Smith, of Portland, says: "There is not a peck of potatoes in the whole Eastern country." So late as 1750, if any person raised so large a quantity as five bushels, great was the inquiry among his neighbors as to how he could dispose of the enormous quantity.—*Newburyport Herald.*

Useful Receipts.

Pot Pie.—Cut up 1 large chicken, grease a dinner pot with lard; roll out crust enough, [of "plain crust,"] to line it, cutting out the bottom. As you put in the pieces of chicken, strew in flour, salt, and pepper, a few pieces of the crust rolled thin, and a few potatoes; cover this with water, and put on it a covering of paste, with a slit in the middle. Let this cook slowly two hours; have hot water at hand, to add in case it be too dry. Veal, lamb, &c., may be made thus. Also, peach or apple pot pie.

Brand Bread.—Take 1 pound fresh Indian meal, 1 handful salt, and make into a thin mush. When tepid, mix in 1 wineglass yeast, 2 pounds bran flour, [which may be had at the feed stores,] a tablespoonful of sugar or molasses; mix all together, and form a loaf *without kneading.* Bake in a pan ready greased, *longer* than the same quantity of wheat bread. Let it stand to rise in this greased pan, and bake. s. l. [Rye bread, do.]

Rye Bread.—Make a pot of mush with coarse, yellow Indian meal—season it with salt to taste, and let it boil well for an hour, then stir in more Indian until it is quite stiff—let it cool until it is milk-warm, then add yeast enough to raise it, and knead rye flour into it, until it is a stiff dough—let it rise—when light, mould it into loaves. Let it stand till quite light again, and bake as other bread. Made into small cakes it is very good hot for breakfast.

Wheat flour used instead of rye makes a bread which is excellent, and preferred by many; should be baked in cakes size of a tea-cup top, an inch thick.

Ginger Cookies.—I send the Rural a recipe for ginger cookies. By leaving out the ginger they are perfectly harmless for the sick, and can be eaten when nothing else is allowed. Two cups molasses; one of lard; one of sweet milk; one tablespoonful of soda; one of ginger.—Mrs. E. L. Calkins, *in Rural New Yorker.*

French Rolls.—One quart sweet milk; one-fourth pound of butter; one cup hop yeast; two eggs; one tablespoonful saleratus. Mix about as stiff as biscuits; let them stand over night; in the morning make them up in rolls and bake for breakfast.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 63 letters.

My 32, 43, 9, 41, 14, is a famous cook.
My 53, 3, 51, 12, 26, 40, 8, is a fruit.
My 5, 54, 57, 23, 33, 16, 59, is a vegetable.
My 62, 42, 10, 49, 27, 25, 41, 6, 31, is a delicacy.
My 61, 1, 7, 45, 19, 44, is a fish.
My 55, 4, 47, 2, 38, 57, 40, is a bird.
My 50, 58, 15, 30, 13, 11, 40, 63, is a bird.
My 60, 21, 31, 18, 52, 19, is part of a dinner.
My 36, 24, 3, 34, is another part.
My 20, 35, 22, 46, is also another part.
My 28, 29, 48, 23, 11, is a vegetable.
My 56, 17, 44, 54, is required in the preparation of these things for the table.
My 12, 39, 7, 54, is a flower.

My whole is a remark for housekeepers.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When tender infancy's soft tones are stirred,
And mother, anxious, waits to catch the word;
With deep delight she sees the red lips move,
And breathes my *first*, in lisping sounds of love.
My *second*, rising from the farmer's field,
By care and labor brings a fruitful yield:
'Tis known to all, in varied aspects spread,
And many use it for their daily bread.
My *third*, a portion of the globe is known,
Where man can live and own his cot or throne—
'Tis bleak, wild, arid, or in beauty drest,
And often rises from old ocean's breast.
My whole, a state with hills and valleys green,
Flashed 'mid the stars that formed the old thirteen,
And still with lustre and romantic grace,
Amid the galaxy holds honored place.

Baltimore. EMILY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in fan, but not in cool.
My 2nd is in simpleton, but not in fool.
My 3rd is in month, but not in week.
My 4th is in search, but not in seek.
My 5th is in honey, but not in bee.
My 6th is in one, but not in three.
My 7th is in sleigh, but not in sled.
My 8th is in zinc, but not in lead.
My 9th is in hut, but not in cot.
My 10th is in pen, but not in lot.
My 11th is in pound, but not in tun.
My 12th is in fire, but not in gun.
My 13th is in star, but not in moon.
My 14th is in present, but not in boon.
My 15th is in shade, but not in grove.
My whole is what old women love.

K. VASEY, Jr

Lynnville, Morgan Co., Ill.

ANAGRAMS ON FLOWERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

O! best bullet!
A cavern!—I.
I call.
Sober A.
Ah, a lid.
Cyrus hath men!
Myra Sad, eh!
These areas.

Let Jove's teams run!
Ma *will* see wit!
Thy plan, O, Su!
Fool, vex G.
All rue.
Lit up.
Van d'leer.
Nae tingle.

Captain L. B. CHESTER.

Mount Auburn, Ohio.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The diameters of three equal circles touching each other, are each 100. Required—the diameter of a circle cutting equal areas from each, such that its area is to the sum of the three equal areas as 4 to 3?

Baltimore. HENRY EASTWARD.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Alfred has a certain flat-bottomed tub. The same is 36 inches wide in diameter at the top, and 32 inches diameter at the bottom, and 20 inches high. Now he wonders how many perfectly round pumpkins, or any other spherical balls, of 8 inches in diameter each, he may put in this vessel, so that he can afterward cover the whole with a flat lid resting on the rim of the vessel all around, without being hindered by any ball projecting? and how much higher the vessel should be, the same ratio in the widening to continue, until he could put in the next pumpkin or ball, so that the last thereof will just touch the covering lid, without lifting it from the brim around?

☞ An answer to this Problem would be very welcome to me.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are lawyers' mouths like turnpike gates? Ans.—Because they are never opened except for pay.

☞ Why is a lovely young lady like a hinge? Ans.—Because she is something to adore (a door).

☞ Why is an optician like Jack Frost? Ans.—Because he is in the *crystal-eyes-ing* business.

☞ What kind of ices do people dislike to swallow? Ans.—Other people's prejud-*ices*.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Deacon & Peterson, Publishers. ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Napoleon Bonaparte. TRIPLE REBUS.—Halleck, Sherman and Fremont.